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THE
FLORENCE STORIES,
BY
JACOB ABBOTT.

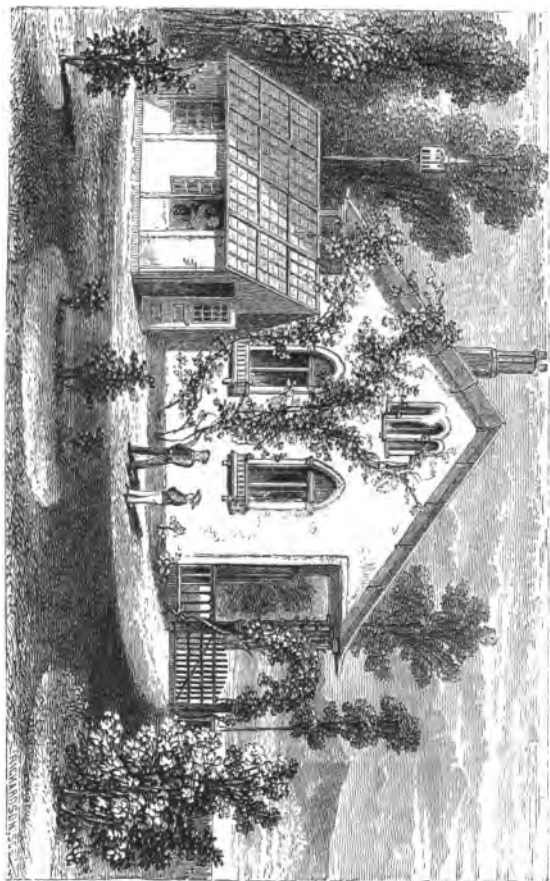


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THE DELEGATION.

THE

FLORENCE STORIES,

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

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**G R I M K I E.**  
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NEW YORK:
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THE FLORENCE STORIES.

- I.—*FLORENCE AND JOHN.*
- II.—*GRIMKIE.*
- III.—*THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.*
- IV.—*THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.*
- V.—*THE ISLE OF WIGHT.*
- VI.—*FLORENCE'S RETURN.*

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GRIMKIE.

CHAPTER I.

SITUATION OF GREENBANK.

GRIMKIE was Florence's cousin. His father lived in the same town with Florence, on the bank of the Hudson river, not very far above New York. The name of the town I call Greenbank, though that is not its real name.

The village of Greenbank is, as its name would import, very near the bank of the river. It is situated in a sort of dell, from which the descent to the river is very easy. In fact, in almost all cases where there is a high bank along the margin of a river, or a range of cliffs bordering the sea, the towns and villages are built wherever there is an opening or valley in the bank or through the cliffs, so as to enable the people to come down easily to the water.

It is so all along the southern coast of England and the northern coast of France. If you

should ever sail up the English channel you would see that the shores on both sides are formed of an almost continuous range of high chalky cliffs, which are in most places inaccessible. They are very lofty and precipitous, and at the foot of them there is nothing but a narrow beach, which at high tide is nearly covered with the sea, so that the waves in great storms roll in to the very base of the cliffs and thus continually undermine them.

But here and there are openings in these cliffs, formed by valleys coming down from the interior, and almost always where there is such an opening there is a town. These valleys are formed by streams of water, flowing from the interior to the sea. Of course, when a brook or a little river comes from the upland toward the shore, in the case of the Hudson river for example, it would gradually form a ravine, and after a while, in the course of a great many ages, the sides of the ravine would be washed down by the rains until at last quite a valley would be formed, with permanent slopes upon the sides of it covered with grass and trees. Then afterward, when people from the interior wished to come down to the shore they would, of course, come down in one of these valleys, and people from the water coming in boats, if they wished to land, would land op-

posite the valleys, so that they could go up through them if they wished, into the interior. Then a good landing place would be made and a wharf, and the owner of the wharf would build a tavern, and a blacksmith's shop, and perhaps a store, and so at last a large town would finally grow up in the place, all because a little brook, thousands of years ago, went to work to cut a ravine through the cliffs, to make way for itself to the river.

There is another curious thing about this, and that is that the little brook usually forms where it comes out into the river a wide mouth, which makes a sort of harbor. It is owing to the tides and waves which dash in and out at the mouth of the brook, from the river, as the wind blows and as the tides rise and fall, that the mouth of the brook becomes widened in this way. If the brook is small, then it makes a very small harbor, one that is large enough only for little boats; but if it is a river flowing into the sea, then the widening of the mouth of it makes quite a large harbor.

On the coasts of France and England the people widen and deepen these harbors by digging away the sides and *dredging* the bottoms of them. They dredge the bottoms by means of great floating machines called dredging machines.

These machines are worked by steam. There is a row of buckets, square in shape, and with iron edges, which are fastened to a long chain which passes over two pulleys, one of which is up in the air near the side of the boat, and the other is down beneath the water. These pulleys are put in motion by means of a great steam engine on board the boat, and the buckets all move with the chain. They are carried down to the bottom of the river, where they scrape up some of the sand or mud, and then turning round on the lower pulley come up, bringing their load with them. When they get up the slope to the upper pulley, they turn over to go down again, and all the sand and mud are dropped out into a mud scow, which has been brought up alongside the dredging machine to receive them.

Then, when the harbor is thus widened and deepened, they build massive walls of stone all along the borders of it, and level with the top of the wall they make a quay, which serves as a wharf to land goods upon. If ever you make a voyage to Europe you will be much interested in going to see these artificial harbors made at the mouths of streams coming down through openings in the chalk cliffs which they themselves have made, on the coasts of France and England, and the steam packets passing in and out, when

the tide is high, conveying tourists and travelers to and fro across the channel.

But to return to Greenbank. The village lay nestled in the valley, while all the commanding positions on the higher land on each side were occupied with elegant mansions, some of them the residences of the people of the town, and others belonging to New York merchants, who almost all like very much to have country seats on the North river.

There are three great thoroughfares leading from Greenbank down to New York. The first is the river, the second is the turnpike road, and the third is the railroad. This numbering of the thoroughfares is, however, not in the order of importance, but in the order of time. The river was there before the turnpike, and the turnpike before the railroad. In the order of importance the river comes first, then the railroad, and the turnpike last of all. The steamboats, sailboats and sloops go on the river, trains of freight and passenger cars on the railroad, and private carriages and teams of horses and oxen on the turnpike. Going by the river is a cheap and easy way of going. By the cars it is quick and comfortable. By the turnpike it is slow, but romantic and very agreeable—that is provided you have good horses and a pleasant day.

CHAPTER II.

A VOLUNTEER APPRENTICE.

THE house of Mrs. Morelle, Florence's mother, was situated just above the town of Greenbank, and it occupied such a position that it commanded a good view of the river and also of the town and the valley in which the town was built. The house where Grimkie's father lived was on the other side of the valley, and at some distance inland, so that it was entirely away from the river. The grounds appertaining to the house extended down to the banks of a small stream—the one, in fact, which here flowed from the interior of the country toward the river, and which had in former ages excavated the valley itself. The banks of this stream were, however, now permanently grassed over and covered with trees, and yet the process of excavation was still going on, for always after rains it was observed that the water of the brook was turbid. This turbidness was owing to particles of earth and fine sand which the rains had washed down from the hillsides and slopes of land bordering the valley, and this

proves that those slopes and hill sides are still all the time wearing away, and, of course, that the valley is continually widening and enlarging.

The house where Florence lived, being near the river and above the town, occupied a much more commanding situation than Grimkie's, which last was within the valley and was surrounded by trees, which gave it quite a sheltered and sequestered aspect. And yet still, although it looked so quiet and retired, it was very convenient of access, being just on the confines of the village in that direction.

Grimkie was a very ingenious boy and he was quite expert in using tools. He had a nice little shop at his father's house. It contained a bench by a window and a considerable stock of good tools. He knew how to use these tools extremely well, for he had almost served an apprenticeship at the carpenter's trade. The way it happened was this.

He went to a school in the neighborhood, at a place called the Chateau; but at that school Saturday of every week was a holiday. So Grimkie conceived the idea of spending the forenoons of every Saturday for ten weeks in learning the use of tools. This was when he was about eleven years old.

There was a certain carpenter in the village, named Bevel, whom Grimkie's father was in the

habit of employing to make repairs about his house, and to do any other carpentry work that he might require. Grimkie concluded to propose to his father to let him go to Mr. Bevel's and be instructed in the use of tools. He could work pretty well with tools as it was, but he wanted to learn to work *very* well.

Now Grimkie's father was a very busy man. He went to New York every day, and he was always, even when he was at home, very much occupied with his affairs, and so whenever Grimkie had any plan to propose, he always liked to have him mature it well in all its details before he came to his father with it at all

"And so," said Grimkie to himself, when he was thinking of this plan of learning to work with tools, "I will go first and see what Mr. Bevel says about it, and find out whether he can let me have a bench and tools, and what he will ask to teach me. Then when I propose the plan to father he will have the whole case before him, and can decide at once without any trouble or perplexity."

So he went that very day to Mr. Bevel's shop. He proposed his plan to the carpenter, and asked him whether he could let him have a bench and somebody to teach him, and if so what it would cost.

"Yes," said Mr. Bevel—"yes"—speaking, however, rather hesitatingly. "I don't know but that I could do that for you. It is not every boy that I should be willing to do it for. There's a bench I could let you have, and some tools. The bench is rather too high for you."

"We might saw the legs off a little," said Grimkie.

"A better plan than that," said Mr. Bevel, "would be for you to make yourself a low platform to place before the bench. That would raise you a little, and then when you leave it the bench will be all right for my workmen again."

"And as to price?" asked Grimkie.

"As to price," said Mr. Bevel, "I hardly know what to say. There would be a good deal of dulling of tools, and some breaking."

"I might pay for the breaking extra," said Grimkie.

"That would be the best plan," said Mr. Bevel. "Then you can break as many tools as you like. Whereas if you were to break any thing that was to be *my* loss, you would naturally feel bad, when the accident happened. I mean such a boy as you would feel bad. Boys in general would only be the better pleased to have the damage and loss of their mischief come upon other people."

"I could let you have one of my young men

to teach you," said Mr. Bevel, "and to grind up the tools when you have dulled them. I suppose that would take about all his time while you are here, say half a day once a week. For how many weeks would it be?"

"I thought about ten weeks."

"Yes, I should think ten weeks would do very well," said Mr. Bevel. "You would learn a good deal about plain work in ten weeks. That would be at, say, one dollar a day, ten dollars. Then for the use of bench, tools, shop-room, lumber, and so forth, and my trouble, I would say twenty-five cents a day more. That would make twelve dollars and a half. Perhaps to make it perfectly safe for me I ought to say fifteen dollars. I'll do it for you for fifteen dollars."

"Very well, sir," replied Grimkie. "I will see what my father says."

"And tell him," said Mr. Bevel, "that there is not another boy in town that I would take in that way for twenty-five dollars."

That evening, a little after sunset, Grimkie went into his father's library. His father was sitting at a desk writing a letter. Grimkie went up to the table, and stood still there waiting for his father to look up and speak to him.

At length Mr. Jay, for that was the name of



ASKING AN AUDIENCE.

Grimkie's father, having come to the end of a sentence, looked up from his work, and said :

"Now, Grimkie."

"Father," said Grimkie, "I want to talk with you about some business, whenever you are at leisure to hear me. I suppose it will take about five or ten minutes."

Mr. Jay took out his watch, looked at it, and laid it on the table.

"At eight o'clock," said he. "That will be in about fifteen minutes. I shall have finished this letter by that time."

So Grimkie bowed and retired. When it was pretty near eight o'clock he came back to the piazza near the library, and remained there until he saw by the clock over the stable door that it was eight o'clock precisely. He then went into the library.

He found that his father had finished his letter, but he had now some large plans before him, representing tracts of ground divided up into house lots, that were for sale. Grimkie advanced to the desk, and stood there as before.

In a moment Mr. Jay raised his eyes from the plans, keeping his finger, however, on the place that he had been looking at, and said,

"Ah, Grimkie. You had some business with me. I am ready to hear it now."

"I have a notion, father, of taking some lessons in learning to use tools," said Grimkie. "I get along pretty well now, but I should get along a great deal better if I had somebody to teach me. I thought I might go to Mr. Bevel's every Saturday forenoon for ten weeks, and work at a bench there, and have some of his men show me."

"If I were Mr. Bevel," said Mr. Jay, "I should not want a boy at one of my benches, fooling with the stuff and spoiling the tools."

"Of course I should have to pay him a good price," said Grimkie.

"I should not think he would want a boy in his shop in such a way, at any price," said Mr. Jay.

"He says he will let me have a bench, and a young man to teach me half a day, for ten weeks, for fifteen dollars, that is a dollar and a half a day."

"That is not dear," said Mr. Jay. "The very last thing I should wish to have to teach a boy, if I were going to be an instructor, would be the use of tools. Besides you will break a great many tools, I suppose."

"That is to be extra," said Grimkie. "I am going to pay for all the tools I break out of my own money."

"Then you have seen Mr. Bevel, and made the arrangement complete."

"No, sir," said Grimkie. "I have not agreed upon any thing with him, but have only asked him what he would be willing to do, so as to bring the business before you in good shape."

"That was very considerate in you," rejoined Mr. Jay.

So saying, Mr. Jay opened a pocket-book, which lay upon the table near him, and took out three five dollar bills. These bills he enclosed in an envelope, and wrote upon the outside of the envelope, as follows :

"Mrs. Jay, in trust, to be paid to Mr. Bevel, for ten lessons to be given to Grimkie in the use of carpenter's tools, at one dollar fifty cents per lesson, or at that rate, in proportion to the number of lessons received."

"There !" said Mr. Jay, handing Grimkie the envelope. "Give that to your mother, and tell Mr. Bevel that I agree to his terms, and that the money is ready for him, and you may begin as soon as you please."

So Grimkie took the money and carried it to his mother, and he commenced his work in the shop the very next Saturday. He persevered very faithfully too in the work, and at the end of the ten weeks he had learned a great deal.

CHAPTER III.

GRIMKIE IN HIS SHOP.

ONE day, when Grimkie was at work in his own shop, two small boys came in to see what he was doing. They had a little wagon with them, which they left at the door of the shop when they came in. The names of these boys were Egbert and Ralph. Ralph was a very curious and inquisitive sort of boy, and he liked to understand everything that was going on.

"Grimkie," said Ralph, as soon as he came in, "we heard a hammering in your shop, and so we came in to find out what you are doing."

"That's right," said Grimkie. "It is an excellent thing for boys to want to know what is going on, and I like very much to have boys come and find out things in my shop, provided they find out in the right way."

"I don't know what you mean by the right way," said Ralph.

"The right way to find out what is going on in a shop," said Grimkie, "is a liberal use of your

eyes, a moderate use of your tongue, and no use at all of your fingers."

Ralph was rather a small boy, and it took him some time to comprehend fully what Grimkie meant by all this learned phraseology. While he was pondering upon it, Grimkie added :

"In other words, look much, ask little, and touch not at all."

Egbert and Ralph advanced to the bench where Grimkie was at work.

"I suppose I can ask one question," said Ralph.

"Yes," said Grimkie. "I will allow you ten questions. After I have answered ten questions, then I am at liberty not to answer any more."

"What are you making?" asked Ralph.

"I am making a kitten cage," said Grimkie. "It is for John Morelle."

"What a pretty thing it is going to be," said Ralph.

"Yes," replied Grimkie. "I am making it as pretty as I can on account of John's dealing so honorably with me. You see, I told him one day when he was going to New York that if he would buy me an orange, and bring it up to me, I would take him to a place where he could see a wild beast in an iron cage. He said he would, and so I brought him here, and showed him my kitten in a box with wires in front."

"That was not a wild beast in a cage," said Ralph.

"No," said Grimkie. "I only meant it for fun. But still John bought me the orange, and brought it up when he came. I did not expect him to do it at all, but he did, and now I am going to make him a cage for his kitten. So you see how much better it is for people to fulfill their engagements honorably."

The kitten cage which Grimkie was making for John, and which was now nearly finished, was really a very pretty thing. Its form was that of an oblong box. It was made of light and thin wood, and yet it was put together in such a manner as to be very strong. The front part was formed of brass wires, placed up and down like the bars of a cage. On the top was a thin cushion, which was covered with green moreen. The moreen came down over the edges of the top board, all around, and was bordered by a little fringe that looked very pretty—with tassels at the corners. The two ends and back of the box were painted green, corresponding with the color of the covering upon the top.

There was also a green curtain in front to cover the wires, and prevent the kitten from being seen whenever it should be desirable to conceal her from view. This curtain had rings upon the upper

edge of it, and the rings were made to run upon a horizontal wire, which extended across on the top, under, and behind the fringe. By means of this arrangement the curtain could be drawn back at any time so as to show the cage, or closed so as to conceal it.

There was a little door in the end of the box, by which the kitten could go in and out. This door was painted green, like the rest of the end of the cage, and it was hung by looped wires placed at the upper edge of it, so that the kitten by pushing against it, could open it either way. She could push it in when she wished to go in, and out when she wished to come out. The door was made very light, and it was made to move very easily on its little hinges above, so that the kitten could open it without any difficulty, after she had once learned.

The hinges by which the door was suspended were, like the rings of the curtain, concealed from view by the fringe which hung from the border of the moreen, where it came down over the edges of the cover.

Besides all this, the top of the cage, cushion and all, was made to lift up like a lid, by means of hinges on the edge behind.

There were four pretty brass castors too, one at each of the four corners of the box, under-

neath, so that it would move very easily about upon the floor.

And then, finally, there were two handles, one on each side, concealed by the fringe, by which the cage could be easily carried.

The cage was all completed when Egbert and Ralph came into the shop, except putting a little brass hasp upon the door in the end.

"I must have a hasp," said Grimkie, "so that if John should wish to shut his kitten up at any time, on account of bad behavior—or for her own good, he can fasten the door."

"How could he want to shut her up for her own good?" asked Ralph.

"Why, there might be a big cross dog about," said Grimkie. "Or there might be a snow storm, and he might be afraid that she would go out of doors and get her feet wet, and so take cold.

"And now," said Grimkie, after putting on the hasp, "I must go and look into one of my drawers to get a piece of carpet I put there, to cover the floor of the cage with, to make the kitten's bed. I will leave the cage right here on the edge of the bench, where you can reach it to touch it."

"But I thought you said we must not touch any thing," said Ralph.

"So I did," replied Grimkie, and that's the

reason why I leave the cage within your reach, so as to see whether you will obey me or not."

So saying, Grimkie walked across the shop, to a place where there were some drawers, and began to look for his carpet.

"I don't see what harm it would do for us to touch this cage," said Egbert.

"It would not do the least harm in the world," said Grimkie.

"Then why are you not willing that we should touch it?"

"Because I have not given you leave," said Grimkie. "It is not right for boys when they come into a shop, or any other such place, to touch another person's things, without leave. No matter whether they think it would do any harm to touch them or not."

"What should you do to us," asked Ralph, "if we should touch your things without leave?"

"Guess," said Grimkie.

"You would turn us out of the shop, I suppose," said Ralph.

"I should not really like to do that," said Grimkie. "That would not be very polite. I will tell you what a blacksmith did once, to cure a boy of meddling."

"What was it?" asked Ralph.

"I will tell you the story," said Grimkie.

CHAPTER IV.

THE KITTEN CAGE FINISHED.

"THERE was a certain blacksmith's shop in a country village," said Grimkie, beginning the story, "where the boys used to like to go in and see what was going on. One of the boys was named Jekyl. He was always taking up the tools and playing with them, whenever he came into the shop. He used to take up any piece of iron that might be lying on the bench, and screw it into the vice, and go to filing it. This was doing mischief, for it often spoils a file to have any body attempt to file with it who does not know how to handle it properly.

"So the blacksmith determined to teach the boy a good lesson.

"He looked out a curious shaped piece of iron, from a heap of old iron which lay in a corner of his shop, and put it into the edge of his fire among the hot ashes. Then he went on with his work, keeping an eye on the road through the open window, to see when Jekyl was coming home from school.

"At last, the blacksmith saw him coming. Then he took out the piece of iron, which was now pretty hot, but not red hot, and laid it on the bench near the vice. Jekyl came in, and began to look around as usual. At last he came to the bench and saw the curious looking piece of iron. 'Ah !' says he, 'what is this ?' and he took hold of it and lifted it up. But he let it drop quicker than he took it up I can tell you, and went capering about the room, blowing on his fingers and crying out Oo-oo-oo."

Both Ralph and Egbert laughed very heartily at this story, and presently they asked Grimkie if that was all.

"About all," said Grimkie. "The blacksmith, who was then blowing the bellows, to heat a piece of iron that he was going to hammer, asked Jekyl what was the matter. 'Why,' says he, 'that iron's hot, and it has blistered all my fingers. Oo-oo, oh dear me ! Oo-oo !' 'Hot, was it ?' says the blacksmith. 'That's strange. I should not have thought it would have got hot enough to blister your fingers, just lying there in the sun.'"

"Were his fingers really blistered ?" asked Ralph.

"No," replied Grimkie. "Not really blistered, but they were burned enough to smart right

sharply, and the boy went off away from the shop in a rage. He knew, very well, that the iron had not got heated so by lying in the sun.

Besides, he saw the blacksmith and his boy laughing slyly when they looked at each other."

"I think they served him just right," said Ralph.

"I think myself they were rather hard on poor Jekyl," said Grimkie. "It is a bad thing for a boy to be in the habit of meddling with other people's property without leave, but it seems a pity that there is not some easier cure for the disease than the actual cautery."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Ralph.

"Actual cautery means burning with a hot iron," said Grimkie. "There are some sores so malignant and unmanageable that there is no way to get rid of them but to burn them out with hot iron. It may be so, for aught I know, with some boys' faults. If it is, it is a pity."

Grimkie had been at work during the progress of this conversation in putting the carpet in upon the floor of the cage, and just as he had got it placed Ralph was going round to the other side to see it, and he knocked a saw down upon the floor. The saw was lying upon a board which had been placed across two saw-horses to be sawed, and the end of it projected a little over the edge of

the board. Ralph, in going by it carelessly, had run against this projecting end, and had knocked it down.

"There !" said Grimkie, "now you have knocked my saw down."

"That is because you left it on this board," said Ralph, "with the end sticking out. You ought always to hang your saw up when you have done sawing."

"Which do you think is right when you come into another person's shop," asked Grimkie, "that the tools ought to keep out of your way, or that you ought to keep out of theirs ?"

"Why—I ought—to keep out of theirs, I suppose," said Ralph, somewhat reluctantly.

"That is very true," said Grimkie. "Very true indeed, and it is one of the most sensible opinions that I ever heard you express. The fact is, that while a man is at work in his shop he must have his tools laying about, more or less. It is only when he has done his work, and is ready to shut up his shop, that he puts them all away.

By this time Grimkie had finished laying down the carpet upon the floor of his cage, and so he proceeded to put away the tools, preparatory to shutting up his shop.

"Grimkie," said Ralph, "our wagon is breaking. I wish you would mend it for us."

"I will look at it," said Grimkie, "and see. Go and bring it in."

So the boys went out and brought the wagon in. It was a small wagon, such as boys have to play with, consisting of an oblong box, placed on four wheels. The breaking which the boys had spoken of consisted of the starting off of one side of the box, occasioned by the springing out of the nails by which the side of the box was nailed to the front end. What it required was that in the place of those nails others somewhat larger should be put in, and driven well home, and also that a few additional ones should be put in, in new places.

"Yes," said Grimkie, after examining the wagon, "I see what the difficulty is. It wants some nailing. I can do it, but I don't see that I can afford to do it very well without pay. You see it will take several of my nails, and then it requires a good deal of skill to drive nails in such a joint without splitting the wood. I had to pay considerable money to be taught how to do such things."

"I would pay you," said Ralph, "only I have not got any money. Have you got any money Egbert?"

Egbert began to feel in his pockets, saying, however, at the same time, that he had not any

money. He knew perfectly well that he had none without feeling.

"Perhaps you can pay for it in work," said Grimkie.

"Well," said Ralph, "we'll work. What shall we do!"

"You might haul my kitten cage for me over to the Octagon."

"Very well," said Ralph, eagerly. "We will do that. We should like to do that."

So the bargain was made, and Grimkie went to work to mend the wagon. He mended it very strong and well, and he said he found it so much less work to mend it than he had expected, that he thought it would be too much pay for the boys to haul the cage all the way to Mrs. Morelle's.

"It will be enough," he said, "for you to haul it to the foot of the hill, where you begin to ascend to go up to the house."

So Grimkie put the cage into the wagon, and covered it with two or three large newspapers, which he tucked down at the edges all around. This was partly to keep the dust off the cage, and partly to prevent curious and meddlesome boys from coming to handle it, along the road.

As soon as the cage was safely packed in the wagon, the two boys set off to draw it out of the yard. They were going to set off on the run, but

Grimkie stopped them, and told them they must go slowly.

"You must play that you are oxen," said he, "not horses, and go on the walk all the way. Coming home you may turn into horses again, and then go as you like."

The boys went on very steadily after this, drawing their load quietly along the middle of the road, while Grimkie kept pace with them, walking upon the sidewalk. They passed on in this way down a long descent leading to the village, and thence through the principal streets of the village on the way toward the Octagon.

Several boys in the street looked very curiously at the wagon as it passed, and at one time a rather rough looking boy began to advance toward it, calling out in a decided tone :

"Hi-yo ! Ralph ! What have you got hid there under those newspapers ?"

"Something of Grimkie's," said Ralph, pointing at the same time toward Grimkie on the sidewalk.

The boy looked in the direction in which Ralph pointed, and as soon as he saw Grimkie he wheeled away and walked off.

All the boys in the village had a great respect for Grimkie.

When the boys came into the village they went

to the sidewalk with their wagon, on account of the carts and carriages that were in the middle of the street. After going on in this way some time and just as they were passing by the door of a grocery store, Grimkie directed them to stop there at the door a moment, while he went in to do an errand. So he went in. In a few moments he came out again, and they all went on.

While he was in the grocery store he bought one of his pockets full of walnuts. What he wanted the walnuts for will presently appear.

They went on together again in this way little longer, the boys with the wagon going before, and Grimkie following behind, until at length they came to the foot of the hill leading up to the Octagon.

"Now," said Grimkie, "you have finished your work. You have paid me for mending your wagon by coming here to the foot of the hill, and now if you go any further with my cage I shall have to pay *you*."

"Oh, Grimkie," said Egbert, "we will haul it the rest of the way for nothing. We would rather go than not."

"Yes," said Ralph, "we like to haul the cage."

"People's liking their work," said Grimkie, "is no reason why they should not be paid for doing it—that is to say, in all business transac-

tions, and this is a business transaction. How would it do for me to pay you in walnuts?"

"That would do very well," said Ralph, eagerly. "We should like the walnuts."

"It is agreed, then," said Grimkie. "And I will pay you according to the distance. I will give you a walnut for every ten paces; I don't mean single paces, I mean double paces."

"We don't know what you mean by single paces and double paces," said Ralph.

"Let us sit down here on this stone and rest," said Grimkie, "and I will explain it to you."

So saying, Grimkie pointed to a large flat stone by the side of the road where all the boys at once went and sat down, leaving the wagon with the kitten cage in it, standing in a safe place upon the grass entirely out of the way of passing carriages.

CHAPTER V.

WALNUT MONEY.

"THE ancient Romans," said Grimkie, beginning his explanation with the air of a professor delivering a lecture, "the ancient Romans used to march almost all over the world with great armies that they called legions. The soldiers that made up these legions were terrible fellows. They used to measure the ground by their marching. A thousand of their double paces made a mile."

"What do you mean by a double pace?" asked Ralph.

"A double step," said Grimkie. "When you are walking, the distance from the toe of one foot on the ground to the place where you put down the toe of the other is a *single* pace. But from the place where you take up the toe of one foot to where you put down the toe of the same foot is a double pace. Now a thousand of the double paces of the Roman soldiers made a mile."

"Exactly?" asked Ralph.

"No, not very exactly," replied Grimkie. "It

was not necessary to be very exact about such things in those days. *Mille** was their word for thousand, and that is what the word mile comes from."

"Let me see if I can do it," said Ralph.

So saying, he went out into the road and began to take steps along the way, and marking the place of his toe with a stick. He marked a single pace, which was the distance from the toe of one foot to the toe of the other, and then he marked a double pace, which was the distance from the place where the toe of either foot was taken up to the place where the same foot was put down.

"Now," said Grimkie, "if a man when he is walking counts his double steps, that is, if he counts one for every time he puts down his left foot, when he has counted a thousand, he will have gone a mile. That is what you may call a man's mile. If a boy in the same manner counts a thousand of his double paces, it will make a boy's mile."

"Do you think it is a thousand steps from here up to the Octagon?" asked Ralph.

"No," said Grimkie, "I don't think it is a hundred. We will see. You shall haul the wagon up the hill, and count your steps. I am

* Pronounced in two syllables *Mil-la*.

to give you a walnut for every ten double steps. I will walk along behind the wagon and drop one into the wagon at every ten steps, and when we get to the house and take out the kitten cage you will find the walnuts all there, and then we can count them and so find out how many paces it is up the hill."

So the boys drew the wagon out into the road again, and began their march. As they walked up the hill they counted their steps, one, two, three, four, and so on up to ten. When they got up to ten Grimkie called out *Walnut*, and dropped one of his walnuts into the wagon. Then the boys would begin again, one, two, three, and so on, and when they had reached ten Grimkie would drop in another walnut, as before. They went on in this way until they got to the top of the hill. Then they stopped to rest, though they were scarcely conscious of being tired, for the operation of counting the steps, and listening to the walnuts as Grimkie dropped them into the wagon, occupied their minds so much as to make them almost insensible to the fatigue of drawing the wagon up the hill. Indeed, this was the principal motive with Grimkie for adopting the plan.

After reaching the top of the ascent the distance was very short to the great gate leading to

the Octagon grounds. On arriving at the gate Grimkie took the cage out.

The boys then immediately began to count the walnuts. There were thirteen of them, showing that the length of the ascent up which they had drawn the wagon was one hundred and thirty paces, which, as Grimkie calculated it, made a little more than one eighth of a mile.

"That is, one eighth of a boy's mile," said Grimkie, "for they were boys' paces."

"Yes," said Ralph, "but now here are thirteen walnuts and how shall we divide them. One of us must have six and the other seven."

"I think," said Grimkie, "that I ought to pay something for back fare."

"What's that?" asked Ralph.

"Why, when you are traveling in Europe," said Grimkie, "if you hire a carriage to take a journey in, and agree to pay so much a mile, then if you dismiss the man at a distance from home you have to pay something more on account of his having to go back. They call it back fare. I will pay you five more walnuts for back fare, how many will that make for you in all?"

"Give us the five walnuts and we'll count them up and see," said Ralph.

So Grimkie counted out five walnuts, and

dropped them into the wagon with the rest, and the boys counted all together, and found that they made eighteen in all, which Grimkie said would give them nine apiece.

"You might leave them in the wagon, if you please," said Grimkie, "going home, and they'll have a fine time dancing about and rattling as you run down the hill. And a good way to divide them equally is first for Ralph to choose the biggest one, and then for Egbert to choose the biggest one from those that are left, and so alternately, one after the other, until all the nuts are taken. Then you will both have nine, and each of you will have had a fair chance for the big ones, if there is any difference in them."

"Yes," said Ralph, "that is the way we will do."

"And if you will come to my shop some time when I am there," added Grimkie, "I will lend you a hammer to crack them with."

"Well," said Ralph, "if we find we can wait till then."

So the boys, playing that they were now turned to horses again, took hold of the tongue of the wagon and went off prancing into the road, and then ran at full speed down the hill, drawing the wagon after them, the walnuts dancing about on

the floor of it, and making a great rattling all the way.

When they got home they divided the walnuts in the manner that Grimkie had recommended, and each put his portion into his pocket. They concluded, however, that they could not wait for Grimkie's hammer, and so they cracked their walnuts with a stone, on a great granite step before the kitchen door.

CHAPTER VI.

LEONA.

THERE are two great advantages in treating those you deal with in a fair, honorable, and generous manner, as Grimkie always did in all his transactions with the boys—one is it makes those we deal with feel comfortable and happy, and the other is it makes you feel comfortable and happy yourself. The two boys were full of joy and gladness as they went racing down the hill, with the walnuts that Grimkie had given them, and Grimkie, who remained at the gate some time looking at them as they ran, felt almost as much satisfaction as they did.

“The little monkeys !” said he to himself, as he saw them go. “Those eighteen walnuts will make them as happy as ducks in a pond, all the morning.”

Grimkie then taking his cage in his arms went in through the gate, and walked on along the gravel walk leading to the house. As he approached the house he saw Florence standing on the piazza with her bonnet in her hand.

As soon as she saw Grimkie coming she began to look very earnestly at him, wondering what he had got in his arms.

"Johnnie," said she, calling out to her brother, who seemed to be somewhere within call in the house. "Here is Grimkie. Come and see what he has got."

Then calling out to Grimkie she asked what that was which he was bringing in his arms.

"It is something for John," said Grimkie.

"Johnnie," said Florence, calling out again to John. "Come quick. Grimkie has got something for you."

This summons brought John out, and Grimkie arrived at the piazza just about the same time. He put the cage down upon the floor, and drew the curtain so as to show the brass wires which formed the front of the cage. He also lifted up the lid, and let Florence and John look in.

"It is a cage for your kitten," said Grimkie.

"Oh, what a splendid cage!" said John. "But then I have not *got* any kitten. Florence has got one."

"Then I must have the cage," said Florence."

"No," said John. "*I* must have the *kitten*."

Here seemed to be quite a puzzle. But Grimkie soon proposed a plan which seemed at once to obviate the difficulty.

"You must make believe," said Grinkie, "that this cage is a house, and that you, John, are the landlord, and you want a tenant, and that you let it to Florence's kitten. Or you can make believe that Florence hires it of you for the use of her kitten. In that way you see you can play with it together."

The children both liked this plan very much, and they were just going to carry the cage into the house when they heard the sound of wheels coming in from the road.

"Ah!" said Florence, "here comes a carriage and some company!"

"Yes," said John. "It is Leona."

The carriage drove up to the door. It was what is called a Rockaway. It was a light carriage with two seats. The front seat was open toward the horses. There were two persons sitting upon this seat, a gentleman who was driving and a little girl about six or seven years old, who proved to be Leona. On the back seat were two ladies.

The party was from New York. They had come from the city by the turnpike in order to take a drive, and were now coming in to call upon Mrs. Morelle. Florence and John were very much pleased indeed to see Leona, for she was a very sprightly and agreeable child. and they

both liked very much to have her as a play-mate.

The gentleman descended from the carriage, and took Leona down, and then he assisted the ladies to get out, and Mrs. Morelle's man, who came round to the door when he heard the carriage driving up, took the horses and led them away, and the ladies and the gentleman went into the house. Leona remained with the children upon the piazza.

Leona was extremely delighted with the kitten cage. Grimkie lifted up the lid to let her look inside.

"And is this where the kitten is going to sleep?" she asked.

"Yes," said Grimkie, "and if you wish you can feed her here too. If you only had a sort of square basin to put milk in for her."

"I have got one," said Florence. "One that used to be in my bird cage."

"That will do very well," said Grimkie. "And when you are tired of it for a kitten cage, you can use it for a little carriage. See."

So saying, Grimkie lifted Leona up and set her upon the cushion which formed the top of the cage. Then taking hold of her shoulders he began to push her about the piazza. The castors were good strong ones, and Grimkie had taken

the precaution to oil them well after he had put them on, so that they went remarkably easy, and he could ride Leona about here and there in a very smooth and agreeable manner.

After this Grimkie went away and the children took the cage by the two handles and carried it round to the back side of the house, while Florence went to find her kitten in order to put her into it. The kitten was soon found. Florence brought her to the place and John opened the lid and put her in. The kitten looked at first very much surprised, and walked about examining the cage in every part. The children could not see very well while the cage was on the floor, and so they lifted it up carefully, the kitten remaining all the time inside, and placed it upon a shelf under the window which was made to set flower pots upon. Then they could see the kitten very well through the bars of the cage.

"Now, Jumper," said Florence, "how do you like your new house."

Jumper, for that was the name that Florence had given her kitten, made no reply in words, but she answered the question very well in action, by lying down upon the carpet in one corner of her room, and composing herself as if going to sleep.

"She likes it very much indeed," said Leona. "What a pretty kitten cage it is, and what a

pretty kitten ! And what a pleasant place it is here to play ! I wish my mother would let me stay here a few days. But I don't suppose she would be willing to have me stay unless I had an invitation."

Florence immediately felt a strong desire to invite Leona to stay. Leona's making the suggestion herself would have been a reason for not inviting her, if she had been old enough to understand the usages of polite society. But as it was, her childlike simplicity in intimating the necessity of an invitation only amused and pleased Florence, and she determined to ask her mother's permission to invite her to stay.

She might have said at once that she would go in and ask if her mother was willing, but she was too sagacious to do that. She saw in a moment that if she were to tell Leona that she was going to ask her mother's permission to invite her to stay, and if for any reason her mother should think it not best that she should do so, then it would be extremely awkward to have to come back and say that she could not invite her.

For a similar reason she thought she would not go and ask her mother in the hearing of Leona's father and mother who were then with Mrs. Morrelle in the parlor. If she were to ask the question in their hearing she knew that her mother

would not be perfectly free to answer the question as she thought best, for it would seem impolite to refuse to invite the child in the presence of her parents.

Another plan which she thought of was to go in and whisper to her mother. But that idea seemed inadmissible, for she had been properly taught that all whispering in company is very uncivil, except in cases where it is absolutely necessary, and where there are peculiar circumstances which in some measure explain the necessity.

Then she thought of requesting her mother to come out of the room a moment, in order that she might ask her in the hall. But she reflected that it was scarcely less polite to cause the company to be left alone than it would be to whisper in their presence.

After a little reflection she devised a plan, which she immediately prepared to carry into effect, as follows :

She left Leona to amuse herself with the cage and the kitten a moment while she called John aside. She thought there was no harm in speaking privately with another person in the presence of a child, provided that the child was occupied with something which engrossed her whole attention.

“Johnnie,” said she, “I have an idea of ask-

ing mother to let us invite Leona to stay with us a few days. I want you to come with me to the parlor door, and I will ask mother to come out there and see you, and then you can ask her the question. While she is out in the hall I shall stay in the parlor to entertain the company by showing them the kitten cage."

"Very well," said John. "I will do it."

"Only ask her once," said Florence. "If she seems to have the least objection don't say any thing more about it."

"Very well," said John.

So Florence returned to the cage.

"Leona," said she. "Don't you think that your mother would like to see this cage?"

"Yes, indeed," said Leona, "and my aunt Maria too. I'll run and bring them out."

"No," said Florence, "we will carry the cage into the parlor and let them see it there. You can carry one end and I can carry the other."

"Yes," said Leona. "I can carry one end, I am sure. And we will let the kitten stay in and have a ride."

So saying Florence and Leona took the cage and went into the house. John followed them. When they had reached the door of the parlor, Florence and Leona went in, carrying the cage with them and leaving John at the door.

"Mother," said Florence, "will you please to go into the entry a moment to speak to John while Leona and I show our kitten cage to her mother and aunt?"

So Mrs. Morelle rose and went out into the entry.

"Mother," said John, as soon as the door was shut, "Florence wanted me to ask you if you were willing that she should ask Leona to stay and spend a few days here."

"Has she said any thing to Leona about it?" asked Mrs. Morelle.

"Not a word," replied John.

"Only," added John, after a moment's pause, "Leona said something to her about it."

"What did she say?" asked Mrs. Morelle.

"She said she should like to stay here very much a few days, if she could have an invitation."

Mrs. Morelle smiled, but for a moment she did not speak. She seemed to be reflecting upon the subject. At last she said :

"Yes, John, she may invite her. Or, rather, I will ask her mother myself to let her stay."

So Mrs. Morelle went back into the parlor and soon afterward Florence and Leona came out bringing the cage with them. Mrs. Morelle immediately proposed Florence's plan to Leona's

mother, and after some conversation it was finally concluded that Leona was to stay. Her mother was to return to New York herself in the carriage as she had come up, and then she was going to send up a trunk of clothing for Leona by the railway. John said that he could go down to the station and bring the trunk up upon his little wagon.

It was also arranged that after the expiration of about a week Mrs. Morelle was to take Leona home herself—or else send her down in some safe way.

Leona was extremely delighted to obtain this permission. So indeed were Florence and John. As soon as the carriage had gone away from the door Mrs. Morelle said to Florence ;

“ Now, Florence, it was your plan to invite Leona to make a visit here. So I consider her as your guest rather than mine. I place her entirely under your charge. You must consider now she is to spend her time and what she is to do, and take care of her in all respects, just as if you were her mother.”

“ Well !” said Florence, clapping her hands, “ I shall like that very much. Would you like it Leona ?”

“ Yes,” said Leona. “ I should like it very much.”

"You see you will be my child, and you can call me mamma," said Florence.

"So I can," said Leona.

"Or you can consider her your doll if you please," said Mrs. Morelle—"a living doll that can speak and move about, and learn to read and write."

Here Leona began to look grave and to shake her head, saying that she did not like to be a doll.

"Very well," said Florence, "we will play that you are a young lady, and that I am your mother. I expect that you will be very dutiful and obedient."

"Yes, mother," said Leona. "I will."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHATEAU.

THE day when Grimkie made the kitten cage was the last day of the vacation at his school. He went to school at a place called the Chateau. The Chateau was a large and handsome stone mansion situated a little way out of the town. There were beautiful grounds around it, many acres in extent, all inclosed in a high brick wall.

The grounds within the wall were very varied in character. Near the house was a large and very fine garden, filled with flowers and fruit. On one side was an orchard, and on the other side a lawn, with groups of trees and shrubbery here and there upon it, and broad winding walks, well graveled and very smooth, where the boys liked very much to play horses. Beyond this lawn was a wood, with various paths leading into it. One of these paths descended by a zigzag course into a glen, where there was a stream of water, and some waterfalls. This path was called the Zigzag. There were a great many curious

things to be seen down in the glen, some of which will perhaps be described by and by.

The Chateau was a boarding school exclusively ; that is, no boys were received into it except such as boarded and slept at the establishment. This rule was absolute even in the case of boys who lived in the same town. Dr. Rightman, the proprietor and principal of the school, would not take responsibility, he said, without power. That is, he would not undertake the instruction and training of a boy unless he could have him under his charge all the time. So Grinkie, although his father's house was not more than a mile from the Chateau, boarded at the school with the rest of the boys, and was subject to the same rules and regulations with the rest. He, however, could spend the Saturdays at home, if he chose, for Saturday was holiday.

Among the other regulations of the school one was that all the boys were to have the same allowance of pocket money. No matter how much or how little money their fathers might be willing to give them, they were all restricted for spending money to fifty cents per week. No one could have more, and no one could have less. The reason for this arrangement will appear by and by.

Mr. Rightman was very quiet in his govern-

ment and in all his dealings, both with the boys and their parents, but he was very firm. Sometimes a gentleman would come to bring a son to the school, and would express a wish to supply the boy with more pocket money than the rules allowed.

"My boy is accustomed to spend money pretty freely," he would say, perhaps, "and I don't like to have him restricted. He likes to ride horseback a good deal, and if he sees any thing at the shops that he fancies he likes to buy it, and it makes no difference to me how much he spends."

In such a case Mr. Rightman would reply very quietly, that it was perfectly natural that the gentleman should wish not to have his son restricted in his expenses, under the circumstances in which he was placed, but that, as the rules of his school were fixed in that respect, he recommended him to send the boy to some other establishment, where there were no such restrictions; and then he proceeded to mention and recommend a number of schools, which he said were admirably managed, and where the boys were allowed to have as much spending money as their fathers wished to give them.

The gentleman would then generally conclude that he preferred having his son at the Chateau, and since a restriction of the amount of spend-

ing money was the fixed rule of the school, he would conform to it.

There was a certain room in the Chateau called the amphitheater, which was furnished with seats arranged in a semicircular form, and rising one above another, and upon one side, opposite the seats, a platform. The platform had a table upon it in the middle, and a sort of desk or pulpit upon one side. The table was for the performance of philosophical or chemical experiments, required at the lectures of the professors. The boys were accustomed to assemble in this amphitheater not only for lectures but on a great many other occasions. There was a particular way in which the great bell tolled to call the boys into the amphitheater. Sometimes it tolled in this way at an appointed hour, when there was some regular exercise to be attended there. At other times the bell tolled unexpectedly, whenever Dr. Rightman wished to call the boys together for any special purpose. At such times the boys were all required to leave their plays or their studies, or whatever else they were engaged in, and proceed at once to the amphitheater. The bell tolled long enough to afford time for them to come from the remotest part of the grounds.

The boys returned from the vacation on the afternoon of the same day that Grinkle carried

home the cage. They were arriving, two and three at a time, all the afternoon. The first time for meeting was at evening prayers at six o'clock. Until that time the boys amused themselves after their arrival in talking together in their various rooms, and unpacking their trunks, or in running about the grounds, showing all the localities to the new boys, and paying them other such attentions as strangers are always entitled to in coming for the first time into a community, or into scenes that are wholly new to them. At length the six o'clock bell tolled, and all the boys, the new ones as well as the old, repaired together to the amphitheater for evening prayers.

After prayers Dr. Rightman, according to his usual custom on the first day of the quarter, explained to the boys, chiefly for the benefit of the new comers, the rules and regulations of the school. They were very simple and few, and it required very little time to explain them. After he had finished this statement, he proceeded as follows :

"And now, boys," said he, "there is one question which I shall leave it for you to decide. It is a question which I always leave to the boys at the commencement of every quarter.

"Whenever there is a school like this in any country town, and the boys are allowed to go

freely about the neighborhood, difficulties almost always arise. Sometimes these difficulties consist of disputes and quarrels between the boys of the school and those of the town. Sometimes there is mischief done, or there are depredations committed. To guard against this danger it is the custom in most cases to confine the boys of the school within bounds. I have got a high wall all around the school territory, so that you can be confined to bounds just as well as not, if you like that plan.

"I don't like it very well myself," continued Mr. Rightman. "I much prefer treating you like gentleman, or at least as well as other boys are treated who reside with their parents at their own homes. They are not confined within the walls of their father's gardens or fields, and never allowed to go out without leave. I would rather that you would have the usual liberty which boys enjoy, provided we can make an arrangement to render it safe.

"The only way by which we can do that is that you should guarantee each other's good behavior while out of bounds; that is, that you should be responsible as a body for all injury and damage done to other persons. Of course, if any mischief is done, and we know who did it, he alone must bear the penalty. He must pay

the damage out of his pocket money, if there is any damage done that money can pay for, or he must submit to the proper punishment if it is only a case of wrong doing, without resulting in any injury that can be repaired.

"But if we can not find out who did the mischief, then it must be paid for by you all, in equal proportions."

Here one of the boys said it seemed to him to be rather hard that so many innocent persons should suffer just because they could not find out the guilty one.

"It is very hard, indeed," said Dr. Rightman. "It would, perhaps, be very unjust, too, for me to make a law that you *must* do so. And that is the reason why I do not make one. I do not even ask you to agree to such a plan. We can, if you please, adopt the usual course of keeping you all within bounds. If you think the privilege of going freely where you please when you are off duty, instead of being confined within the wall, is worth enough to you to make it worth while for you to guarantee each other's good behavior in the way I have described, then you can do so. If not, then you can stay within bounds. You can decide the question for yourselves. I shall leave you to consider the subject and take a vote.

"But first, before I go, I wish to say one thing more, to show you that the proposition which I make is a reasonable one, namely, that if you do have your liberty to go freely where you please, it should be on the condition that you join to guarantee the community from harm. You see that if any harm is done, and the guilty person can not be found out, some innocent person or other must suffer the injury. For instance, suppose some boys belonging to the school go to swinging upon a farmer's gate, and break it down, and so do an injury amounting to five dollars. Suppose it is proved that some of the boys of the school did it, but we do not know who it was. Now, it is plain that somebody must bear that loss. The farmer himself may bear it, or I may bear it, or all the boys of the school may bear it, each in an equal proportion. The loss must fall somewhere."

"It ought to fall upon the boys who broke the gate down," said a boy named Meserole.

"Certainly," said Dr. Rightman, "provided we can find out who they are. But if we can not find out who they are, then who next?"

The boys were silent.

"I think it ought not to fall upon the farmer," said Dr. Rightman, "for no person has a right to establish a school and bring boys to it, to

damage the property of the neighbors. Neither the school itself, nor the privilege which the boys enjoy of roaming about the neighborhood, is of any advantage to the farmer, and so he ought not to bear the loss and damage that result.

“Then, again, *I* don’t think that *I* ought to bear the loss, for *I* gain no advantage from your having the unusual privilege of going freely beyond bounds. On the contrary, it gives me some additional trouble. The advantage is yours, and so *I* think you ought to assume the risks and losses.

“At any rate, *I* make you the proposition, and leave you to decide it just as you please. You can adopt the plan of being confined to bounds, and not allowed to go out without express permission. In case you adopt that plan, *I* will try to make it as agreeable to you as *I* can, by giving you permission to go out as frequently as *I* think it will be safe and proper to do so. Still you will not have nearly as much liberty as you would have if you conclude to guarantee each other’s good behavior, and so are not restricted by bounds at all.

“Now *I* will go, and leave you to consider the subject. You will conduct the discussion and take the vote according to the usual rules. If you wish to communicate with me to make any

additional inquiries, or to offer any counter propositions, you can send to me in the library."

So saying, Dr. Rightman rose from his seat and withdrew, leaving the boys to themselves.

CHAPTER VIII.

PARLIAMENTARY RULES.

THE boys at the Chateau were accustomed to hold meetings, and to conduct them in quite a regular and parliamentary manner. Dr. Rightman had explained the rules for conducting such meetings to them, and, though they had often found a great deal of difficulty in carrying them out, and had sometimes allowed their meetings to fall into great disorder, still they had persevered, and now they could manage such business quite well.

As this book may perhaps be read by boys who may wish sometimes to hold meetings for debate or consultation, either the regular sessions of a society, or other meetings called on special occasions, I will here briefly enumerate the most important rules of procedure in such cases. By complying strictly with these rules, boys can hold meetings for such purposes almost as well as men. There will sometimes be disorder, it is true, but disorder occurs also in the meetings held by men. There is disorder some-

times even in Congress, though those who make it are always very strongly censured by the whole country.

RULES.

1. OF THE CHAIRMAN.

Any one of the older boys may nominate another boy for chairman. The chairman should be a boy of high character and standing, and popular with the other boys. He must also be well acquainted with the parliamentary rules. When a boy has nominated a chairman, he puts the question to vote, and if there is a majority in favor of him, he declares him elected. The chairman then goes to the chair and presides.

2. OF THE SECRETARY.

If it is desired to keep a record of what is done at the meeting, a secretary is appointed. Any one may nominate a secretary. The chairman puts the question to vote.

The secretary, when chosen, records only the motions made and the votes taken by the meeting. He does not attempt to record what is said by the different speakers.

3. OF MOTIONS.

A motion is a proposition. It is out of order for any one to speak except on some motion that has been made. Any one may make a motion, but no second motion must be made while a first is pending. One thing at a time is the rule in all deliberative assemblies.

There are, however, some exceptions to this rule that no new motion is to be made till the one already before the meeting has been decided. The most important exceptions are three. 1. It is in order to move to alter any motion, or as they call it, to *amend* it. 2. It is in order to move to lay aside any motion. In Congress this is called laying it on the table, or indefinitely postponing it. Both mean, however, laying it aside. 3. It is in order at any time to move to adjourn.

4. OF THE RIGHT TO SPEAK.

No one has a right to speak without first obtaining permission of the chairman. This permission is asked for by the boy who wishes to speak rising in his place and saying, *Mr. Chairman*. He must not do this when any other person is speaking. The chairman gives him liberty

to speak by looking toward him and calling him by name. If several rise at the same time, as will often happen, and call out Mr. Chairman all together, the chairman will fix his eye on some one and call his name. Then all the rest must sit down.

In Congress, when there is a very earnest debate going on, it sometimes happens that when one person finishes his speech and sits down, as many as thirty or forty spring to their feet at the same moment and all call out MR. SPEAKER* as loud as they can call. But then, as soon as the speaker has designated one of them by name, & the one whom he decides shall address the house, all the rest sit down and wait quietly for another opportunity.

The speaker ought to act fairly, and give permission to speak to all the different boys in turn, and especially to those of different opinions, so as to have both sides fairly represented when there is a discussion.

When a person has only a few words to say, as for instance, only to make some simple remark or suggestion which all the others are willing to hear, the formality of obtaining the floor regularly in this way is dispensed with. But this is a liberty

* The presiding officer of the House of Representatives is called the Speaker.

which the speaker must watch and not allow to go too far.

5. OF MESSAGES.

Whenever a message comes into a deliberative assembly of any kind from a higher authority, all the proceedings must be at once interrupted until the message has been heard. This was the case in the amphitheater at the Chateau whenever a message was sent in from Dr. Rightman. The person coming in with the message would stop at the door and call out : A message from Dr. Rightman ! Then the proceedings would be stopped, the boy would come up to the chairman's desk and deliver his message, and then the proceedings would go on again.

It is very interesting to one sitting in the gallery of the House of Representatives at Washington to see sometimes a messenger come suddenly in at the center door, and then to hear the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House call out in a loud voice :

A message from the President of the United States.

On hearing this announcement the proceedings are at once stopped, the member who was speaking takes his seat, the messenger advances down the aisle with his message and lays it upon the

clerk's table and then retires, the clerk opens the paper and reads it, and then the ordinary proceedings are resumed, by the person who was interrupted rising and going on with his speech.

6. OF TAKING THE QUESTION.

Whenever the persons composing the meeting think that there has been enough said upon the motion which is under discussion, they call out Question ! Question ! and if many voices call out Question it is an intimation to all persons in the meeting that they ought not to attempt to speak, unless they have something very important indeed to say. The motion is then to be put to the vote by the chairman. This is called taking the question. It can be taken in three ways, by the voice, by show of hands or by rising, and by ballot.

In taking the question by the voice, the chairman says, All who are in favor of this motion please to say Aye. Then, after hearing the answer he says, All who are opposed to it say No. He can usually judge pretty well by the sound of the ayes and of the noes which is in the majority.

If he is not certain which are in the majority then he may take the vote by calling upon the ayes first and then the noes, to hold up their

hands, or to rise, in order that he may count them, and so decide more certainly.

If when they vote by answering Aye or No, the chairman is pretty well satisfied which is in the majority, he says, The ayes have it, or the noes have it—whichever way it is. But if any person at the meeting thinks he is mistaken, he can say Doubted, and then it is the duty of the chairman to verify the result by calling upon the members to vote again by holding up their hands, or rising, in order that they may be counted.

The third way of voting, namely, by ballot, is practiced chiefly in cases of election, and will be explained under the next head.

7. OF ELECTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

When any officer is to be elected or any person is to be appointed to perform any duty, there are two ways of proceeding, by nomination and by ballot. The easiest and quickest way is by nomination. Any member rises and says I nominate such a person, naming the boy who he thinks would be a proper person for the office or the appointment in question. Then, if the nomination is seconded, the chairman puts it to vote, and the work is done in a moment. In more important cases, it is customary to elect by ballot. By this method each member writes the name of the per-

son he wishes to vote for upon a slip of paper, and then the slips are all collected by some one going round for them with a ballot box, or a hat, or a cap in his hands, and they are sorted and counted by the chairman.

A person has a *plurality* of votes, if he has more than any other *one*. He has a *majority* if he has more than *all the rest together*. It requires a majority to elect, unless there has been previously a vote of a majority that a plurality shall suffice.

The above are the principal rules of procedure in parliamentary assemblies, necessary to be understood for the conduct of business meetings by boys. Any number of boys of ordinary good character, with two or three intelligent and perfectly fair-minded ones among them to take the lead, could manage business meetings in this way very well, provided they would first read these rules carefully, and resolve fairly and perseveringly to abide by them.

There, of course, is always danger of disorder, for at almost all meetings, both of men and of boys, there are some persons who like to show their independence, by refusing to submit to rules and authority. They have an officer in Congress called the Sergeant-at-Arms, whose business is,

if any man makes a disturbance, and will not submit to the rules, to put him out. Of course he has a sufficient number of men to help him. If a case of disorder should occur in Congress, which the Speaker could not control by his own authority, the Sergeant-at-Arms would take the man who would not submit to the rules, either by command of the Speaker, or by the vote of the House, and carry him off to jail.

There would be great objections to boys having a sergeant-at-arms at their meetings, to put out the disorderly ones, as any such attempts would probably lead to a great deal of violence, and so make the matter worse. The best way, when any one interrupts the meeting by noise and disorder, and will not submit to the chairman's commands, is just to adjourn the meeting, and then afterwards make arrangements to meet again without letting the disorderly ones know any thing about it, so as to prevent them from coming.

Boys who have any thing manly about them will take pleasure in holding such meetings, and in conforming to the rules and regulations for the government of them. These rules and regulations, which I have explained in theory in this chapter, will be made more clear in the next, where you will see an example of the practical operation of them.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEBATE.

THE boys all rose from their seats while Mr. Rightman was leaving the room, and then resumed them again when the door closed. Grimkie immediately rose and said,

"I nominate Cooly for chairman."

"I second the nomination," said another boy.

"If it be your pleasure to appoint Cooly chairman," said Grimkie, "please to say Aye."

A great many of the boys responded, Aye.

"The contrary-minded—No," said Grimkie.

Nobody said no. Indeed, it is not proper to say no in such a case, unless you have some real and substantial objection to the person nominated. You might have a fancy for some other person. or the person nominated may be a boy that you do not like very well ; still, if he is one of the older boys, and is fair-minded, and competent to act as chairman, you only impede the business and make unnecessary difficulty by objecting to him. You need not say Aye unless you choose,

but you ought not to say No except for very weighty and important reasons.

"The ayes have it," said Grimkie, after observing that nobody said no. "Cooly is chairman."

So Cooly went to the platform and took his seat at the table, facing the assembly.

As soon as he had taken the seat several of the boys began to speak, but he knocked upon the table, and called out, "Order, gentlemen ! order ! Wait till some one takes the floor regularly."

Here one of the boys said, "Mr. Chairman."

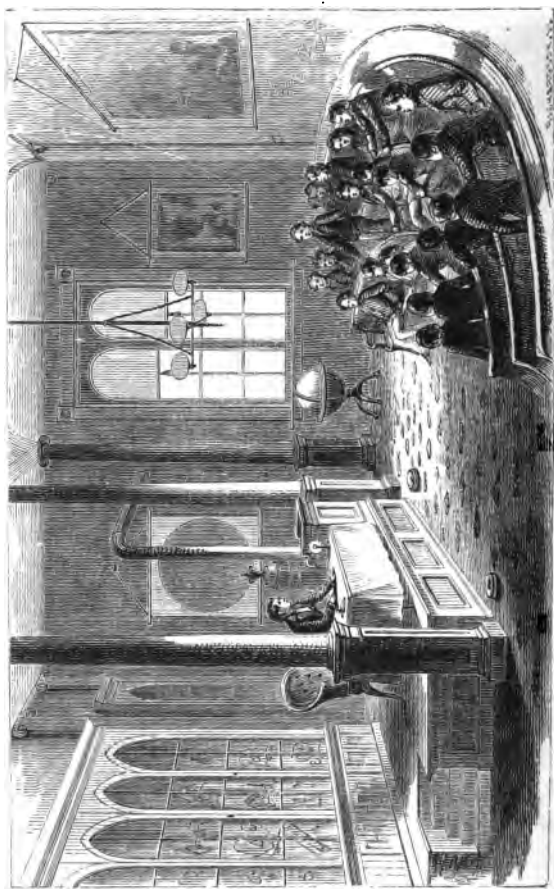
"Fiske," said the chairman.

This was giving to Fiske—for that was the name of the boy who rose—liberty to speak, or, as it is called in parliamentary language, giving him the floor. Fiske began as follows, all the rest of the boys listening :

"I do n't think," said he, "that it is fair for us all to pay for the mischief that two or three roguish boys might do. It seems to me—"

Here Fiske was interrupted by the chairman saying there was no motion before the meeting, and that it was not in order to speak except in reference to some motion.

"Very well," said Fiske, "then I move that we decline the proposition that Dr. Rightman



ORDER, GENTLEMEN! ORDER!

makes us, and tell him that we had rather be kept in bounds, and so always ask leave when we want to go out."

"I second the motion," said Meserole.

"It is moved and seconded," said the chairman, "that we decline Dr. Rightman's proposal of having our liberty on condition of being jointly responsible for any mischief that is done. Are you ready for the question?"

Asking a meeting whether they are ready for the question is, in other words, asking if anybody has any thing to say before the question is put to the vote.

Grimkie hereupon rose and said,

"Mr. Chairman."

The chairman said Grimkie, thus giving Grimkie liberty to speak.

"It seems to me," said Grimkie, "that we had better accept the proposal. It is not probable that any mischief will be done. If there should be any done, the damages will only amount to very little when divided among us all. Besides, the boy who did the mischief, if he has any sense of honor, will come forward and acknowledge it, and pay it himself, when he finds that if he does not do it we shall all have to pay for him."

"He would not acknowledge it," said one of the boys. "He'd be ashamed to."

"Then he might send the money to Dr. Rightman in an envelope," said Grimkie, "so as to save us from having to pay for him—that is, if he were an honorable boy."

"He might not *be* an honorable boy," said Fiske.

Answering in this way to a person who is speaking, without first regularly obtaining the floor, or, in other words, obtaining the chairman's permission to speak, is not really in order, but such deviations from the strict rules are often allowed in debating assemblies, when they produce no confusion, and when the meeting generally like to hear what is thus said. It is the duty of the chairman not to press the letter of the rule too strictly, but to allow some reasonable freedom of debate—being always ready, however, to interpose and enforce the rules whenever it is necessary to do so in order to secure the proper accomplishment of the object of the meeting.

Thus, to make a good presiding officer of a deliberative assembly, it is not only necessary that a person should be thoroughly acquainted with the rules, he must also know how to exercise a sound discretion in applying them. A chairman might be so strict, and particular, and formal, in requiring precise conformity to the rules, as to hin-

der and impede the debate instead of facilitating and promoting it.

"True," said Grimkie, in reply to Fiske's remark that the boy might not be an honorable boy. "That is very true. It will sometimes happen, I have no doubt, that we shall have to pay, but I do not think it will be very often, and I would rather pay now and then, and have my liberty, than save my money and be shut up a prisoner within these brick walls."

So Grimkie sat down, and another boy named Marisco, a Spanish boy from Cuba, rose and said :

"Mr. Chairman.

"Marisco," said the chairman.

"I don't think the proposition is reasonable at all," said Marisco. "I should like to know whether if a party of Frenchmen should go out of France and make a row in Germany, and do some damage there, whether all the Frenchmen in France would have to pay for it. I don't believe they would. And what is more, I don't believe it is just that they should. I should like to ask Dr. Rightman that question."

"I move we send and ask him," said Fiske.

"There is one motion before the meeting already," said the chairman. "We can not receive another till the first is disposed of."

"Then," said Fiske, "I move that the first motion be laid upon the table, so that I can make this one. If the meeting will vote to lay the first motion on the table, then I will move that we send a delegation to Dr. Rightman and ask him whether the people of France would have to pay, in case a company of rowdy Frenchmen were to do some mischief in Germany, or whether he thinks it is fair that they should."

"It is moved," said the chairman, "that the motion to accept Dr. Rightman's proposal be laid on the table. As many of you as are in favor of this will please to say Aye."

"Aye! Aye!" said the boys all over the room.

"Contrary minded, No."

"No," said Grimkie.

"The ayes have it," said the chairman. "The motion is laid upon the table."

"And now," said Fiske rising in his place, "I move that we send a delegation to Dr. Rightman and ask him whether the people of France are obliged to pay for the mischief that any particular Frenchmen do in other countries, or whether he thinks they ought to do it."

"I second the motion," said another boy.

"You have all heard the motion," said the chairman. "All who are in favor of that motion please to say Aye."

"Aye! Aye!" said the boys.

"Those contrary minded will say No," added the chairman.

"No," said Grimkie and one other boy.

"The ayes have it," said the chairman. "The motion is carried. How will you appoint the messenger to go to Dr. Rightman."

"I nominate Fiske to go," said Grimkie.

Here all the boys laughed. One of them seconded the motion, and the chairman after putting the vote declared it carried.

But Fiske said he would rather not go. He had done his part he said in thinking of the plan, and in proposing it, and somebody else ought to carry it into effect.

"I nominate Grimkie," said he.

Another boy seconded the motion. The chairman put it to vote, and declared it carried.

"I am opposed to the plan," said Grimkie, "and voted against it; but still, since the meeting wish me to go and carry the message to Dr. Rightman, I shall go, of course."

So he went out.

In about five minutes he returned. While he was gone the boys remained in their seats, talking together in little groups of twos and threes, in an easy and informal manner; but as soon as they saw Grimkie coming back they

all at once ceased talking, in order to hear his report.

Grimkie went to his place, and standing there, looked toward the chairman, and said,

“Mr. Chairman.”

“Grimkie,” said the chairman.

“I delivered the message to Dr. Rightman,” said Grimkie, “and he replies that the country of France is inclosed in bounds, and that no Frenchman is allowed to go out without permission from the government. The permission to go out is always given in writing, and it is called a passport. There are armed policemen and soldiers all along the frontiers on every side, and no person can go in or out without a passport; that is, without permission. He says that if we, in the same way, are never to go out of bounds without permission, he does not ask us to pay for mischief done, any more than the French people have to pay for mischief which their countrymen do in Germany.”

The boys looked rather blank at receiving this reply, and for a few minutes nothing was said.

At length Fiske rose again, and said,

“Mr. Chairman.”

“Fiske,” said the chairman.

“We made a mistake in the country—that is all,” said he. “We ought to have said Eng-

land, instead of France. Englishmen never have to get permission to leave England. They can all come and go just as they please, and still they never have to pay for other people's mischief. I move we send Grimkie again, and ask him how it is in respect to England."

"I second the motion," said several of the boys eagerly.

"It is moved and seconded," said the chairman,—

But just at this moment the door opened, and a young gentleman, Mr. Alden, who was one of the teachers of the school, appeared.

"A message from Dr. Rightman," said the chairman.

"I am directed by Dr. Rightman," said Mr. Alden, "to say to this meeting, that on further reflection he thinks there is a good deal of force in the idea suggested by your message to him. It is true, it does not apply very well to France—the people of France being all kept strictly within bounds by the government. But it applies to many other countries, and it has some force. How far we can reason from what is right and proper as between nations, to what is so between the pupils of a school and the surrounding neighborhood, is a somewhat difficult and delicate question. The analogy, however,

holds good, Dr. Rightman says, in some respects, and he has concluded, in consequence of your suggestion, to make a change in his proposal. He wishes now to propose that the damages for any mischief which may be done to the neighbors, in consequence of your being allowed your liberty, should be equally divided between you and him. If you are willing to pay half, he will pay the other half."

"Good ! good !" said several of the boys.

"He wished me to make this proposal to you, and to leave you to consider it."

So saying, Mr. Alden bowed and withdrew.

"I move we agree to that proposal," said Fiske.

"There is a motion already before the meeting," said the chairman, "namely, the motion to send Grimkie with a second message to Dr. Rightman. We can not receive another motion until that is disposed of."

"I withdraw that motion," said Fiske.

A person who makes a motion has a right to withdraw it at any time, provided he does it before it has been acted upon by the meeting.

"That motion is withdrawn," said the chairman, "so now it is in order to make any other one."

"I move." said Grimkie, "to accept Dr.

Rightman's new proposal, that if he will pay half the damage, we will pay the other half, and that we are to have our liberty."

The motion was seconded and put to vote, and it was carried unanimously. Grimkie was appointed to give Dr. Rightman notice of the decision, and Dr. Rightman immediately gave orders that all the postern gates should be unlocked, and left unlocked until further orders.

These postern gates were doors in the brick wall, made at various places all around the grounds, and leading off into the surrounding country. Some opened upon roads, others upon paths leading off into the woods, and one into a wild and secluded valley, with a brook flowing through it, where the boys liked very much to go a-fishing.

CHAPTER X.

MUST N'T TOUCH.

ON Monday, the next day but one after Leona came to Mrs. Morelle's at the Octagon, she went out upon the grounds after breakfast to play, Florence went out with her. It was tolerably pleasant at first, but after a time Florence observed that there was a haze coming up from the south and gradually spreading all over the sky.

It immediately occurred to Florence that it was probably going to rain, and she at once began to think what she should do to amuse Leona during their study hours. She and John always studied for an hour at their desks, every day, and as her mother had allowed Leona to remain and make them a visit on the express condition that Florence was to take the whole charge of her, she at once thought that it would be proper for her to provide beforehand some employment or amusement to occupy her during that time.

"There's my old Noah's ark," said she
"That would amuse her very much—with all

the little animals there are in it—if it only was not broken.”

The ark was indeed broken—the house being broken off from the boat part. Florence had fitted the parts carefully together and had put the animals all inside, and she had then placed the ark carefully upon a shelf in her room, intending the next winter, when the winter shop was in order, and the glue, and all the little tools which were necessary for such work, were ready for use, as they always were in winter, that she would have it mended.

“If it was only mended now,” she said to herself, “how much Leona would like to play with it while we are studying.”

So she left John to play with Leona out on the lawn, while she went in to speak to her mother about the Noah’s ark.

She found her mother in the kitchen. There was a market man there with some chickens which he had brought, and Mrs. Morelle was buying them, and paying for them. She was sitting at a little table in the corner of the kitchen which served her for a sort of office. There was a drawer in the table, with an inkstand fastened in one corner of it, and a lid covered with cloth to write upon, and a till for money, and a place for papers and the book of accounts. Mrs.

Morelle kept a good supply of money and all her accounts in this drawer, and she transacted all business in respect to housekeeping there. This was very convenient. She took care always to have an abundant supply of small change in her drawer, and also everything else necessary for settling bills, signing receipts, and transacting all other housekeeping affairs.

Florence waited at the table until her mother was at leisure to speak to her.

"Well, Florence," said Mrs. Morelle at last, "what have you got to say?"

Florence then explained to her mother her idea of giving Leona the Noah's ark to play with while they were at their studies, but said that the ark was broken, and she asked her mother whether it would not be a good plan for her to get it mended in some way.

"I think it would," said Mrs. Morelle. "You may go and get it, and put it on the table in my little room. I am coming in there pretty soon and I will look at it. And when the time comes for you to go in to your studies, send Leona into my room, and tell her to wait there till I come. It is almost time for you to go to your studies now."

"Yes, mother," said Florence. "It will be time in five minutes. I will carry the ark into

your room, but would n't it be better for me to put it on the shelf in your closet, or somewhere out of Leona's reach, or else she will take it up, and it will come to pieces in her hands. I will put it on a high shelf."

"No," said Mrs. Morelle. "We will not keep her from touching things by putting them out of her reach. That is not good government. Put the ark on my table, and send Leona in, and tell her to wait there till I come."

"Shall I tell her not to touch any thing?" said Florence.

"No," said her mother. "Let her do just as she thinks best. If she takes it up I shall know what to say."

So Florence went up stairs and took the ark from its place in her closet, and brought it down. She carried it into her mother's room and put it upon the table there. She felt a strong inclination to go and tell Leona that she must not touch it, and since she could not do that, the idea arose to her mind of setting up books around it so as to conceal it from view when Leona should come in. She concluded, however, that this would be in violation of the spirit of her mother's instructions, and so she left the ark on the table in plain sight and went away.

In a few minutes afterward the bell rang to

call Florence and John in to their studies, and they immediately obeyed the signal.

"Come, Leona," said Florence, "you are going in with us, and you are going to wait in mother's room until she comes in. She will tell you then what you are to do while we are at our studies."

"But I want to stay out here and play," said Leona.

"No," replied Florence. "We always do just as mother commands us. You must go in and wait in her room till she comes. Perhaps she will let you come out again, but you must go first and hear what she has to say."

So Florence took Leona by the hand and led her along toward the house.

Leona went at first somewhat reluctantly, but children of that age usually fall in very soon with the customs and usages which they see prevailing among other children when they are away from home; and when she saw that Florence and John did not seem to consider the disobeying of their mother's command as a thing to be thought of for an instant, she yielded at once, without making any difficulty, and went in.

Florence left her at the door of Mrs. Morelle's room, saying that her mother would come pretty soon, and then she and John passed on into the Octagon room, in order to commence their studies.

Leona walked slowly into Mrs. Morelle's room, with her hands behind her. She felt a little out of humor for the moment at having been compelled to come in, but she kept her bonnet on, and cherished the hope that as soon as Mrs. Morelle came she would be allowed to go out again. So she went to the window, and, kneeling upon the window-seat, she began looking out into the yard, and wishing that she was out there.

After a while, getting a little tired of this, she climbed down again, and began looking about the room to see what she could see. Her eyes soon fell upon the Noah's ark upon the table.

"Ah!" said she to herself, "here is something very pretty. I wonder what it is. It is a house in a boat. I never heard of such a thing as a house in a boat."

She immediately went to the table, and took the ark up. The parts held together at first, for it happened that she took hold of the boat part, and held it right side up, and, of course, the house remained in its place. But presently, in turning it about to look at it, she inclined it so far that the house part fell off, and all the animals, together with the house part itself, fell upon the floor. The part that fell was broken into three pieces by the fall.

Leona looked with consternation at the mis-

chief which she had done. She stooped down and began at once to pick up the animals and put them in the boat. Then she picked up the broken pieces of the house, and attempted to put them together again; but she found that she could not put them together right. While trying to do this, the pieces slipped and fell back upon the floor again. Just at this moment she heard the footsteps of Mrs. Morelle coming along the passage-way. She was dreadfully frightened. She ran to the window and hid her face behind the curtain, and began to cry.

Now many persons may imagine that there are only two ways to prevent children of Leona's age from doing mischief, by meddling with things that do not belong to them; one is by putting the things out of their reach, and the other is by leaving them within their reach, and then scolding them or punishing them if they touch them. But Mrs. Morelle had a way of accomplishing the object different from either of these; whether it was better or not, you can judge.

As soon as she came into the room, she saw the fragments of the ark and all the animals lying upon the floor, and poor Leona trying to hide behind the curtain, and crying bitterly. She immediately went to her and said,

“Ah, Leona! here is an accident, but it is no

matter. You must not be troubled about it. You did not break the ark—it was broken before.”

So saying, she sat down upon the window-seat, and drew Leona gently toward her, and took her up into her lap.

“It was not your fault that the ark broke,” she continued. “It was broken before, and I was going to have it mended. I was thinking of having you go with me, but perhaps it would be too far. You see, first we go out through our gate, and then we go down the hill by the little path that runs along the side of the road. Then we come to the place where the water spouts out all the time from a post into a great tub, for horses to drink.”

Here Leona began to look up and listen.

“Do you remember the place where the water spouts out into a tub?”

“I do n't think I ever saw it,” said Leona, speaking in a very plaintive tone, the tears still in her eyes.

“Then you might go with me as far as that,” said Mrs. Morelle, “and if you become tired, you could come home from there, and I could go on. But if you are not tired, then you could go on with me.”

“Oh! I should not be tired,” said Leona,

looking up at the same time with a bright and eager expression of countenance.

"Then you can go with me all the way," said Mrs. Morelle, "and see the cabinet-maker mend the ark. But first we must pick up the pieces and the animals. You can come and help me. Or you can pick them up yourself."

"Oh! yes," said Leona, "I can pick them up. I did not know the box was broken."

"No, I am sure you did not," said Mrs. Morelle. "Besides, you have not learned yet not to touch things that belong to other people. It is not right for children to touch things that belong to other people, without first getting leave. Meddlesome children are always touching things belonging to other people without leave. Nobody likes meddlesome children. You touched this ark without leave, I know, but it was because you did not think. I am pretty sure you will not touch things any more. I do n't think you are one of the meddlesome children. And to prove it, I am going to put some of my prettiest things down on the table and on the window-seat, where you can reach them; but I am pretty sure you will not touch them, unless you first ask me. I do n't think any the worse of you for touching the ark, because I suppose you did not *think*."

"No, aunty," said Leona looking up earnestly in Mrs. Morelle's face, and shaking her head slowly and very gravely. "No, I did not think, I certainly did not think."

"I am sure you did not," said Mrs. Morelle, "and I am very sure that after this my prettiest things will be just as safe all about the room, where you can reach them, as they would be if you were not in the room. I should be quite ashamed to put my things away out of your reach, for that would show that I did not think you were fit to be trusted. But you *are* fit to be trusted, I am sure. You are one of the best girls I know, and I like you very much. I always did like you, when you were a little girl."

Leona was very much comforted by these kind words, and though the tears were still upon her cheeks, her face was brightened up with smiles, and she began immediately to pick up the animals from the floor and put them upon the table, with a light and happy heart.

While she was doing this, Mrs. Morelle took down from the shelves of one of her closets a number of interesting and tempting objects, well adapted to awaken in a child a strong desire to take them up and examine them. There was an hour-glass, with the sand running down through it in a very curious manner, and a little glass

bird, and a porcelain inkstand, with images of two children looking at a baby in a cradle to form the cover, and other wonderful things.

"There!" said Mrs. Morelle. "You see I place all my curious things where you can reach them, for I am almost sure you will not touch them. That shows how much confidence I have in you. If you wish to take any of these things in your hands you will ask me. Sometimes I shall say, yes, and sometimes I shall say, no. But I am almost sure you will not touch them until you do ask me, and I shall go in and out, and leave you alone with the things just as much as I should if you were as big as Florence."

Of course Leona was very much gratified at hearing her aunt express herself in this manner, and she began to walk about the room, looking at the different objects, but keeping her hands behind her all the time, as if to prevent the possibility of her touching any thing.

At length Mrs. Morelle went out of the room, leaving Leona by herself. She said as she went out:

"I am going out a few minutes, Leona. You can amuse yourself by looking at these things while I am gone. I don't *think* you will touch any of them."

Mrs. Morelle said "I don't think" in a tone

and manner which implied that she was not, after all, quite sure. And she was not sure. The truth is, a child that has once formed a bad habit can not usually be altogether cured of it by one lesson. A great impression had been made upon Leona's mind, and an excellent beginning made in teaching her not to touch things belonging to other people without leave. Still it was only a beginning. To change the habit in her entirely it would be necessary, Mrs. Morelle knew very well, to follow up the lesson she had given by other lessons conceived in the same spirit. She would have shown that she had very little acquaintance with the character of a child, and with the workings of its mind, if she supposed that a complete and permanent change could have been effected in such a case by one brief conversation like this. It was a good beginning she knew, and that was all

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CHAPTER XI.

LEONA AT PLAY.

It so happened, however, that Leona did not touch the things while Mrs. Morelle was out. Still, Mrs. Morelle did not certainly know whether she had touched them or not, and she did not ask her. To have asked her would have exposed her to too strong a temptation not to tell the truth, in case she had touched any of them.

When Mrs. Morelle came in she said nothing, but went and seated herself at a table near a window, and took out her work.

"Aunt Katie," said Leona, "will it do for me to touch this hour-glass?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Morelle, "you may take it to the window-seat, or you may sit down with it upon the floor, and see the sand run through. You can turn the hour-glass over if you please, and make the sand run, first one way, and then the other."

So Leona took the hour-glass, and amused herself a long time watching the sand as it ran out

from one end to the other, and piled itself up in the smooth and even conical pile which the sand always assumes in that curious instrument. She was particularly amused in watching the slides which took place down the slope of the cone, first on one side, and then on the other.

"What pretty sand!" said Leona.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Morelle. "It is very pretty indeed. It is of a very pretty color, and then it is very fine and smooth, so as to flow down in a little stream, almost like water."

After having amused herself with the hour-glass for some time, Leona carried it back and put it upon the table. Next she came to the little glass bird.

"Ah, Aunt Katie!" said she, "what a pretty little bird! May I take this little bird?"

"No," said Mrs. Morelle. "You must not touch the bird. You must only look at him."

"Is it a canary bird?" asked Leona.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Morelle. "I am not sure what kind of a bird it is intended for."

"It may be a robin," said Leona. "I rather *think* it is a robin. At any rate it is a very pretty little bird."

After amusing herself with the bird for some time, taking views of it on every side, but abstaining carefully from touching it, Leona went

to see the other things which Mrs. Morelle had placed within her reach. At length she came to Mrs. Morelle's chair, and said :

"Aunt Katie, when are you going to carry the ark to the cabinet maker's, to have it mended."

"I have altered my mind about that," said Mrs. Morelle. "I am going to let Florence take it when she finishes her lessons."

"And can I go with her?" asked Leona.

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Morelle. "But the cabinet maker lives in a very curious little lane, called Tumble Lane. I don't suppose you would want to go to a place with such a name as Tumble Lane."

"Oh, yes, I should, aunty," said Leona. "That is just the kind of place that I should like to go and see."

"Then we will see if Florence is willing to take you," said Mrs. Morelle. "She is now at her studies, with John, in the Octagon room, but she will come here as soon as her study hour is out, and then I will ask her if she is willing to take you."

"I think she *will* be willing to take you," added Mrs. Morelle, "though there are some girls as old as you that she would not be willing to take. You see there are a great many tools in a cabinet maker's shop, and vessels of paint,

and varnish, and boxes half made, and other such things, which ought not to be touched by the people who go in. They are curious things to see, but it does mischief to touch them. But you would not touch them, I am pretty sure."

When Mrs. Morelle and Leona picked up the animals and the broken pieces of the ark off from the floor where they had fallen from Leona's hands, they put the animals carefully into a basket, and laid the pieces of the ark together by themselves, upon the table. Leona asked Mrs. Morelle if she might take the pieces up and try to put them together. Mrs. Morelle told her that she must not do that.

"Because," said she, "every time we put the parts of a broken thing together we wear off the edges a little, and prevent the joints from fitting again perfectly. So we must not try to put these pieces together, but must leave them just as they are until they are carried to Mr. Center's in Tumble Lane, and he will put them together when he has his glue all ready to glue them."

After this Mrs. Morelle sent Leona out into the yard to play upon the green until Florence and John were ready to come. She gave her a hoop, and a ball, and a jumping-rope. She charged her not to roll her ball near the bank, for fear it should roll down the bank, and then

perhaps she would not be able to get it again.

"It might go over to the railroad track," said Mrs. Morelle, "where it would be dangerous for you to go and get it."

"Is not there a wall down there to stop it?" asked Leona.

"There is a wall there," said Mrs. Morelle, "but it is what is called a bank wall, and it would not stop it."

"What kind of a wall is a bank wall?" asked Leona.

"It is a wall built against a bank," said Mrs. Morelle, "so that the top of the wall is level with the ground on the upper side, and it only shows a face on the lower side. That is the kind of wall at the bottom of the slope of our grounds, toward the railroad. If you were to go down the slope, you would not see the wall until you should get to the top of it. The slope of the bank comes down to the *top* of the wall, so that, if the ball should roll down, there would be nothing to stop it. It would go right over the wall, and then come down upon the railroad track with a bound, and perhaps go on over into the river—or perhaps it would be stopped by one of the rails."

Leona promised that she would be very care-

ful not to roll the ball near the bank, and then she went out to play. In about half an hour Florence and John came. She was rejoiced to see them, and immediately proposed that Florence should get the pieces of the ark and go to Mr. Center's in Tumble-down Lane, and get it mended.

"It is not Tumble-*down* Lane," said Florence. "It is only Tumble Lane."

"Well," said Leona, "that is pretty much the same thing. I want to go and see it."

Florence was very willing to go, and she went into the house with Leona in order to get the pieces of the ark. Her mother had told her before she came out of the accident which had happened to it in consequence of Leona's taking it up. When Florence came to examine the parts, she found that nothing was really broken. The house had come to pieces only by a separation at the natural joints, so that, when it should be well glued again, Florence said it would be as good as new.

"Only," said she, "the paint is worn off a little here and there by my playing with it when I was a little girl."

"Could not you paint it again?" asked Leona.

"Perhaps we could," said Florence. "Could

we, mother? You know I have got a paint box."

"I will tell you about that when you come home," said Mrs. Morelle. "We will see first how you succeed in getting the ark put together again."

So Florence wrapped the pieces of the ark up carefully in a piece of paper, taking great care not to rub or wear the edges so as to prevent the parts coming together again, and then the three children set out together for Tumble Lane.

CHAPTER XII.

TUMBLE LANE.

THE children walked along together out through the gate which separated Mrs. Morelle's grounds from the road, and then they turned into a pretty path which led along the bank by the roadside down the hill.

After a while they came to the spouting-post, as John called it. It was a post, painted red, which stood by the side of the road, with a monstrous big tub before it. The tub was almost full of water, and more water was continually pouring into it from a hollow plug set into the post. The water flowed from this plug in a constant stream.

John went up to the side of the post, and, leaning over the tub, he put his mouth to the end of the plug and took a good drink of the water.

Leona stood looking on all the time, wondering where all the water could come from to run so continuously into the tub. First she looked at the tub, to see what an enormous quantity of

water had already flowed into it, and then at the spout to see that more was continually coming.

After looking on in this manner for a few minutes in silence, she expressed her surprise by saying—

“I should not think that such a little post could possibly hold so much water.”

John laughed aloud.

“Why, Leona,” said he, “the post does not hold the water. The water comes into it continually through a pipe that comes out of the ground.”

“And where does the water come from into the pipe?” asked Leona.

“It comes from the mountains,” said John, “or at least from the hills.” So saying, John pointed to the high land which lay back a little way from the river, and behind the village.

“See!” said he, “all those hills and mountains are full of springs, and the people, when they find a good spring there, dig a trench and lay a pipe into it, and then bury it up. One end of the pipe goes into the spring. The other end comes down into such a post as this, or into people’s houses in the village. Then the water runs from the spring into the pipe, and all along through the pipe under the ground to the post, or to the people’s houses.”

"Is that the way?" asked Leona.

"Yes," said John, "I have seen them laying down the pipes very often. Sometimes they take lead pipes, and sometimes they make pipes out of logs. They bore holes through the logs from one end to the other for the water to run in. Then they sharpen one end of one of the logs around the end of the hole, and drive it in a little way into the hole in the end of the other log, and that is the way they join them together. They put them together in the bottom of the trench, and then they fill the trench up and smooth the ground all over, and the grass grows upon the place, so that if you were to walk over it you would not know that there was any thing there. But if you were to dig down you would find the pipe."

After remaining thus a short time at the post and tub, the children went on. Leona, who lived in New York, and had been for a long time shut up in the city, with no place to go and walk but the little park at Union Square, where there is nothing to see but smooth and level grass ground, and trees growing up in rows along the gravel walks, was very much delighted with every thing that she saw. The steep banks which were to be seen here and there by the roadside, the rocks, the clumps of bushes, and even the little unequal-

ities in the surface of the ground—all had an inexpressible charm in her eyes.

At length the party began to approach the village. Leona was very much interested in the appearance of the houses and the shops; they looked so small and low, and the little yards and gardens in front and at the sides of them were so enchanting. In New York there was nothing to be seen but immense ranges of lofty buildings in solid blocks, without room even for the smallest kitten to pass in between them.

At length Florence turned into a little lane, which she said was the famous Tumble Lane. There were small houses and shops on each side of it, and at a short distance it came to an end. There was a fence across the end of it, with a red gate leading into a field. Just before coming to the gate, Florence turned into an alley-way, leading by the side of a small but pretty house.

"This is Mr. Center's house," said Florence, "and his shop is behind it."

As the children passed along the alley leading to the back yard of the house, they met some other children coming out, with a pair of trucks, which it seems they had been to get mended. Florence and Leona turned aside out of the path to let the trucks go by, but John seemed inclined to stop and look at them.

"What was the matter with your trucks?" said he, speaking to a boy who was sitting on the trucks to drive.

"The axletree was broken," said the boy. "It split in two from one end almost to the other."

"And did Mr. Center glue it?" asked John.

"No," said the boy. "We asked him to glue it, but he said that would not do. The rain and the wet would melt the glue very soon, he said, and the axeltree would come apart again. It was of no use to glue any thing that was to be exposed to the weather."

"Then, Florence," said John, "when you get the ark glued you must take good care and not leave it out in the rain."

"Yes," said Florence, "I will."

"How did he mend your axletree?" said John, turning again to the boy. "Let me see."

"Oh, he made a new one," said the boy. "He said he might have put the old pieces together again with screws, but he thought it was better to make a new one."

While this conversation had been taking place, the two boys who served for horses were prancing and pulling from side to side, as if impatient to go on. The driver cracked his whip at them, and ordered them to keep quiet several times, while John was speaking, but now he ordered

them to go on, and away they went down the alley at the top of their speed. John then, followed by Florence and Leona, went on toward the shop door. There were one or two tables, and a little set of bookshelves, and some pretty mahogany boxes, on a platform just outside the door. They had just been varnished, and had been set out there in the sun to dry.

"We have to be very careful not to touch any thing," said John, "when we come to Mr. Center's."

So saying, he passed by the tables and the other things, taking care to keep a good distance from them.

"If I were to touch them," said John, "the varnish would come off upon my clothes, and that would spoil my clothes, and it would spoil the gloss of the table, too."

John opened the door of the shop, and all the children went in.

Mr. Center was at work at a bench at the further side of the shop. There were a great many tools all about, and other things, which Leona thought were very curious to see. There was a grindstone, with some machinery underneath it, which Leona could not understand, only John told her that it was for Mr. Center to turn the grindstone with, by means of his foot. There

were some curious four legged frames, which John said were saw-horses, and at the end of the bench there was something that looked like a little stove, with a kettle over it, only there was a lamp burning under the kettle instead of a fire.

"Ah, Florence and John!" said Mr. Center, when he saw who was coming, "How do you do? I am glad to see you. I like to have you come to my shop, because you never touch any of my tools. And who is this young lady?"

"This is Leona," said Florence. "She lives in New York."

"What a large girl she is growing to be," said Mr. Center. "She must be pretty old."

"I am more than five years old," said Leona.

"I thought you must be as old as that," said Mr. Center. Mr. Center was a very polite man, and he knew enough about young children to understand that the way to compliment them in the most agreeable manner was to speak favorably in respect to their bigness and age.

"Speaking of touching things," continued Mr. Center, "there was a boy that came into my shop yesterday who was almost as big as you, and so I thought he was old enough to know that he must not touch other people's things—especially things in a shop—without leave, and I left him here while I went out to the door to

see about my varnish. While I was busy with my things out in the yard, I suddenly heard a great outcry in the shop. I ran in and found the poor boy in a terrible predicament. What do you think he had done?"

"Cut his fingers with the chisels?" said John, guessing.

"Worse than that," said Mr. Center. "He had gone to the grindstone, and had undertaken to turn it by the treadle. That sort of frame underneath, that I put my foot on when I wish to turn the grindstone, is called the treadle. This boy had often seen me turn it, and so he thought, now that I was away, he would try and see if he could not turn it too.

"So he went to the grindstone, put his foot on the treadle, and began to work it up and down, as he had seen me do. The stone soon began to go round and round, and it went faster and faster, until at length it caught the boy's apron in among the friction wheels, and, as the stone was going with a great deal of momentum, it went on winding the apron up among the wheels until at length it pulled the boy himself close up to them, and jammed him dreadfully before the stone would stop. You see a grindstone, being very heavy, goes, when it gets a-going, with a great deal of momentum."

"What do you mean by momentum?" said John, looking with a puzzled expression of countenance into Mr. Center's face.

"Momentum means force of motion," said Mr. Center. "If a thin India-rubber ball, full of wind, is thrown through the air, it would not go with much force. It might move very quick, but it would be easily stopped. It would not have much *momentum*. But if an iron ball as big as that were to be thrown through the air in the same way, it would go with a great deal of force. It would break through almost every thing before it would stop. That is what we call momentum. Now the grindstone, when it gets a-going, goes with a great deal of force. It is very hard to stop it. And so this poor boy's apron was all wound up, and he was pulled himself up to the stone so hard that he thought he was going to be jammed to death, and so he screamed out for me to come and help him.

"The grindstone had stopped turning before I got to it," continued Mr. Center, "and I had nothing to do but to turn it back again, so as to unwind the apron and get the boy free. The boy was not hurt much after all, but his apron was spoiled. There was a great hole torn in it, and the part that had been wound up was all blackened and greased by the wheels."

"I do n't see what makes them put such black grease upon wheels," said Leona.

"Ah! it is not black when we put it on," said Mr. Center. "It is nice transparent oil when we put it on. It gets black afterward. The way it gets black is that the wheels, turning round and round all the time, wear off some of the iron in fine black particles, and the oil gets at last so full of the black particles that it looks black itself. We can't help the iron wearing off in that way. We wish we could, but there is no possible way of doing it. And we are obliged to put on the oil in order to make the wheels go easily."

Mr. Center had continued his work at the bench during all the time that he had been holding this conversation with the children, but now, having finished the particular thing that he was doing, he turned to Florence, and looking at the paper parcel which she held in her hand, he said,

"You have got something for me to mend, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said Florence, and she proceeded at once to lay her parcel down upon the bench, and began to undo the paper. But just at that moment the door of the shop opened, and who should appear but Grimkie. He had a small glass bottle in his hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN INVITATION.

"Ah, Grimkie," said John, "how came you here? I thought you were at the Chateau."

"I have been there," said Grimkie, "but it is recess now. It is after twelve."

"After twelve?" repeated Florence, very much surprised. She had no idea that it could be so late. It was not eleven when she and her party left home, but they had come very slowly, having stopped to examine and talk about every thing that amused Leona on the way. However, its being so late was of no consequence, for the dinner hour was two, and their mother had given them permission to continue their excursion as long as they pleased, provided they returned home a quarter of an hour before dinner time.

"I came to get some varnish," said Grimkie. "We are going to make a kite to go up in a rain storm, and to prevent its being spoiled by the rain we are going to varnish the paper." "So you see, Mr. Center," added Grimkie, "we

want some varnish—the best kind to stand the wet.”

“You want some coach varnish,” said Mr. Center.

“Yes sir,” said Grimkie, “I suppose that will be the best.”

In the mean time, while Mr. Center had been holding this conversation with Grimkie, he had been putting together the pieces of the ark, in order to make it sure that all the pieces were there, and that they would fit well together.

“I came out through the blue postern gate,” said Grimkie, turning to Florence and John.

“The blue postern gate is not very far from here, and it is very handy for us, when we want to come to Mr. Center’s for any thing in the recess, to come that way, provided the postern gates are open. We have got them all open now.

“I wish you would go with me when I go back,” continued Grimkie, “and see the cascade. We can go in through the postern gate and then along the valley till we come out by the house, and then I must go with the rest of the boys and see about our kite, but you can keep on across the lawn, and out through the front gate and so home.”

“Well,” said John, looking up eagerly at Florence, “Let’s go.”

"Could you run home and ask mother," said Florence, "while Mr. Center is mending the ark and pouring out the varnish?"

"Yes," said John, "just as well as not."

"Florence knew that they were at liberty to walk in general where they pleased until it was time for them to go home to dinner, but she was not perfectly sure about going into the Chateau grounds. "I could go just as well as not," said John, "but it seems to me it is not worth the while. I am sure mother will be willing."

"I am pretty sure too," said Florence, "but we shall have a better time in going if we are *perfectly* sure."

"Yes," said Grimkie, "you had better go and ask."

Then taking out his watch, he added, "I will allow you eleven minutes to do it, five minutes to go, and five to come, and one to do the message. Run."

So John set off, leaving the rest of the party to watch Mr. Center's operations.

Mr. Center, after having placed the parts of the ark together that formed the house, and finding that they fitted well, went to the glue pot which was hanging over the little lamp stove at the end of the bench, and brought it to the place. As soon as he took off the cover the steam came up

plentifully, showing that the glue was very hot.

There are three things necessary to make glue hold well," said he.

"First, the pieces must fit well together.

"Second, the glue must be hot. And,

"Third, the parts must be pressed tight together until the glue has set."

"Do you mean till the glue has dried?" asked Florence.

"No," said Mr. Center, "only till it has *set*. Hot glue is liquid. It will flow like cream, but as soon as it is cold it *sets*, as we call it. It becomes like a jelly when it is in a vessel, and in a joint, where it has been used to glue two pieces of wood together, it becomes stiff, though not very hard. When the glue has stiffened in that way, we need not generally keep the parts clamped together any longer, unless there is some warp or twisting of the parts, which tends to spring them apart again. In that case, it is necessary to keep them pressed tight together until the glue is dry.

"It takes glue only a few minutes to set," added Mr. Center, "but it takes it some hours to dry."

While saying these things, Mr. Center had been glueing the parts of the ark together. He

put glue along the edges of the joints, and then putting the house part together, he clamped it securely by means of two or three little instruments which he called hand-vices.

He then laid this part aside a few minutes, while he filled Grimkie's phial with varnish. After doing that, he came back to the house which he had glued, and, examining it, found that the glue had set. So he very carefully took off the clamps.

"Now," said he, "it will be much better to leave this until it is thoroughly dry and hard, before I glue it to the boat part. Could not you leave it here, Miss Florence, and come again for it this afternoon, or to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, Florence," said Leona, "let us leave it and come again. I should like to come again."

Just at this minute the door opened, and John appeared. He seemed to be almost out of breath, and his face was flushed with excitement and pleasure.

"Yes," said he, "we may go."

Grimkie took out his watch.

"You have gained two minutes," said he. "It is only nine minutes since you went away."

"It did not take me half a minute to do the message," said John. "It did not take me a quarter of a minute. Mother was at the window

when I came running into the yard. 'Mother,' says I, 'may we go through the Chateau grounds coming home? Grimkie is there to take us.' 'Yes,' says she, and nodding at the same time. She saw I was running a race, and so she did not stop me. 'Yes,' says she, as quick as that. So I wheeled right round and began to run back, almost without stopping at all."

It was concluded, on the whole, to leave the ark, and, accordingly, as Grimkie had now received the varnish, the whole party set out from Mr. Center's to go by the blue postern gate into the Chateau grounds.

They walked back a little way along Tumble Lane, and then turning in at a small gate, under Grimkie's guidance, they went through a narrow alley which brought them at last to a pretty brook, where there was a plank bridge. They crossed the brook by the plank bridge. As there was no railing, John offered his assistance to Leona in going over. But Leona declined his assistance. She said she could go over very well herself. And she succeeded perfectly well.

After crossing the bridge, the party came out into a road with a high brick wall on one side of it. This Grimkie said was the Chateau wall. Pretty soon they came to a gate, or rather, a door leading through this wall, with

a massive iron latch by which it was to be opened.

"But I thought you said it was a blue gate!" said Leona.

"It is not all blue," said Grimkie. "You will see."

So he opened the door and the party went in. When he had shut it after they had got in, he showed them that the door on the inside was painted a sort of bluish slate color, the outside being brown.

"All the gates are brown outside," said Grimkie, "but they are of different colors inside, so that we can have names for them. There is the red postern, and the green postern, and the yellow postern. We like the yellow gate the best, because it leads off toward the pond and the old mill."

"I should like to go and see the old mill," said Leona.

"We will go some day," said Grimkie, "but I can not go now for the boys are waiting for me to come with the varnish."

"Hark!" he added after a moment's pause. "Do you hear the sound of the water?"

"Yes," said Florence.

"That's the cascade," said Grimkie. "If you follow this path it will lead you to it. I must

run up across so as to give the boys the varnish, and then I will come and meet you at the top of the zigzag path. You can walk along through the valley, and look at the bridges, and the waterfalls, and the little bowers, as long as you please, and I will come and meet you when you get through."

So saying, Grimkie nodded a good-by to Florence, and then ran up a steep path where little stone steps had been set in the ground. At the top of the ascent he entered into a thicket and disappeared.

"Now, Florence," said John, "we'll go along this path to the cascade."

CHAPTER XIV.

ASPINWALL'S DRAWING.

THE children went on along the path leading to the cascade. It was a very nice path, wide enough for two to walk together. So John let Florence and Leona go before, while he followed behind.

The sound of the falling water grew more and more distinct, until at length the brook came into view. It was quite a large brook and it ran tumbling over rocks and under rustic bridges, along the bottom of a wild and wooded glen, picturesque and romantic in the highest degree. Leona said that she had never seen such a pretty place.

The path followed the brook, now on one side and now on the other. It crossed from time to time over curiously made bridges. One of these bridges was a great flat stone, laid across from the rocks on one side to those on the other. Another was formed of two planks, laid together so as to make the bridge wide and safe, and easy to walk on. It was a great pleasure to stop on this

bridge and look down on each side and see the water pouring through among the rocks, making whirlpools and eddies, and curious little waterfalls, and the flakes of bubbling foam sailing rapidly away. In one place, in an eddy near the shore, just below the bridge, there was a great heap of foam, as big as a boy's head, which kept turning round and round all the time.

Leona wanted to know what made the foam keep turning so, and Johnnie told her that it was the rotary motion of the water. Leona did not understand this explanation very well, but John said he was sure that that *was* the reason why it turned, for Grimkie himself had told him so.

"And there is one thing very curious," said John. "You may knock that drift of foam all to pieces, and send the pieces all sailing away down the stream, and the next time you come here there will be another little pile just like it, in its place, turning round and round just as this is."

"That is very curious," said Leona.

After looking at the rotating heap of foam as long as they wished, the children went on, and pretty soon Leona suddenly stopped in the path, and said in a whisper, looking forward at the same time very eagerly toward a spot part way up the bank on one side of the glen :



DRIFT OF THE FOAM.

"Hush! There's a man!"

Florence and John looked in the direction toward which she pointed, and there they saw a person sitting on a stone seat under a tree, with a portfolio on his lap, and engaged apparently in drawing.

"It is not a man," said John, "it is a boy. It is one of the Chateau boys. He is drawing. See! he is drawing that summer-house over on the other side of the brook."

It *was* a boy, as John said. But as he was quite a tall, and also a very handsome boy, it was not surprising that Leona at first took him for a man.

"I know who it is," said John. "His name is Aspinwall."

As soon as Aspinwall saw the party coming, he immediately laid down his work, rose from his seat, took off his cap politely to Florence, and said,

"I am very happy to see you coming to take a walk by our cascade. Come up here, and see what a pretty prospect there is."

So saying, Aspinwall came running down the path, in order to help Florence and Leona up. Florence was at first a little afraid to go, but Aspinwall was so gentlemanly and polite in his manners that she soon felt reassured. So John

led the way, and she and Leona followed. Aspinwall went by the side of Florence to show her exactly where to step, for the path was very steep and rocky, though there was at every step a smooth and flat place to put the foot upon, so that, with somebody to point out exactly where to step, the ascent was not difficult. After getting to the top, Aspinwall led the way to the seat where he had been sitting to make his drawing. Florence sat down and began to take a view of the valley.

"It is a very pretty prospect, indeed," said she.

"I am making a drawing of that little summer-house over the other side," said Aspinwall. "See!"

So saying, he took up his portfolio and showed Florence the drawing which he had commenced.

"I wish you would give it to me when it is finished," said John.

"No—to me," said Florence.

"I will give it to *you*, Florence," said Aspinwall.

"I spoke first," said John.

"Yes," replied Aspinwall, "but we always give the lady the preference in such cases as this, no matter who speaks first. But then this drawing that I am making is too large, but when I

go home I will make a copy of it on a little card. I will make it with pen and ink, so that it will not rub out, and I will send it to your mother's care by Grimkie."

Florence seemed very much pleased with this promise, and she and John remained some minutes longer looking over Aspinwall while he went on making his drawing. Leona was busy all the time gathering flowers from under the rocks near by.

At length the whole party bade Aspinwall good-bye, and went down the hill-side again to the great path below, and so on till they came to the zigzag which led up from the valley toward the house. As soon as they came to the top of the zigzag, they saw Grimkie, who had been watching for them, near the house, and who now came out to meet them. Grimkie walked with them along the grand avenue toward the front gate, and there bade them good-bye.

The children reached home about half-past one, in excellent good season for dinner. Leona said that it was the pleasantest walk she had ever had in her life. She said she wished very much that there were cascades in New York.

This was a very sensible wish. In fact, so desirable is it to have a cascade in New York, that now they are making one in the great Cen-

tral Park, and thousands of children will go there almost every day in summer to see it.

That afternoon, about sundown, the children went again to Mr. Center's to get the ark. They found that not only the gluing of the house part, which Mr. Center had done while they were there in the morning, was dry and hard, but that the house part had been glued to the boat part, and that was dry too.

Moreover, the drawing from Aspinwall came the next morning. It came in an envelope addressed to Mrs. Morelle. In the envelope, besides the drawing, which was very prettily executed there was a note as follows :

Monday Evening.

"TO MRS. MORELLE :

"I promised Florence a copy of a little drawing which I was making in the glen yesterday, when she and John and Leona were taking a walk through it. I have made the copy and I send it herewith to you, in order that you may give it to her if you have no objection. Please excuse my troubling you with such a small thing, but I thought that Florence would like the drawing better if it came to her through your hands.

"I am very respectfully yours,

"JAMES S. ASPINWALL."

Aspinwall was perfectly right in supposing that Florence would like her drawing better for receiving it by the hands of her mother. If it had come to her in any other way the pleasure which it would otherwise have given her would have been in some degree marred by doubts about the propriety of receiving even such a token of kind regard as this, from a boy who was almost or quite a stranger to her.

As it was, Florence was very much pleased with the drawing. It was not only very prettily executed, but it represented also a very pretty scene. The summer-house or bower was of a very graceful and ornamental form, with a vine trained over it in a charming manner. There was a precipice of rocks on one side, and a pretty clump of trees on the other.

Underneath was written in a very fine, but very neat and pretty hand, as follows :

"To Florence Morelle. Souvenir of a walk through the glen at the Chateau, with John and Leona. From J. S. A."

The next time that Mrs. Morelle saw Grimkie she asked him what sort of a boy Aspinwall was.

"He is one of the very best fellows in school," said Grimkie.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE clouds which Florence had seen in the sky on the morning of the day on which they went to get the ark mended all passed away without bringing any rain, but a few days afterward a storm came on in the night, and the next morning, when the children came down to breakfast, they found that it was raining very fast, and the wind was blowing very heavily.

"Ah me!" said Florence. "There will be no such thing as going out to day."

"Perhaps it will clear up," said Leona.

"Yes," replied Florence, "but if it does, the grass and the ground will be so wet that we can not go out of doors."

Just before school hours that day, Florence gave Leona the ark, and assigned to her the duty of putting the animals in it.

"You must put them into the ark the right way," said she. "Do you know what the right way is?"

Leona said she did *not* know.

"They must go in two and two, in order," said Florence. "First, you must take all the animals out of the basket and put them down upon the floor. It will be better to do it in the hall, for there is a painted carpet in the hall, and they can stand better on the painted carpet than upon a woolen one.

"When you have got them all arranged in pairs," said Florence, "the two in every pair to be alike, you will find that they will make a very long procession. Then you must march them into the ark. The way you do this is to put the ark down upon the floor, a little way from the head of the procession of animals, and then take the first pair of animals and make them step along a few steps toward the ark, and then the next pair, and the next, and so on until all the column has been advanced a little way. Then you must begin again at the head of the column, and make them walk forward a few steps more, and so on until the first pair go into the ark. So you must go on until they are all in.

"It will take you a great while to sort them all out in pairs, and form them in a column, especially as you must not have animals that would hurt each other come near together. For instance, you must not have the cats come near the small birds, nor wolves near any lambs."

"No," said Leona, "I will be very careful."

In accordance with these instructions, Leona set herself at work, when Florence and John went to their studies that morning, in spreading out the animals upon the floor and marshaling them in pairs in a long column, in order to prepare them for being marched into the ark in proper order. Mrs. Morelle was at work most of the time in her little sitting-room adjoining the hall, where she could answer any questions which Leona had to ask her.

Leona became very much interested in arranging the animals, and in hearing the answers to the questions which she addressed from time to time to Mrs. Morelle in respect to the nature and characteristics of the different species, with a view to determining the manner in which she should place them in respect to each other. Mrs. Morelle rose from her seat two or three times to go and see what progress Leona had made, and to express her approval of the work. In fact, Leona occupied the whole hour in arranging the animals and in talking to Mrs. Morelle about them, and she was quite surprised when Florence and John came and said that the study hour was over.

"But I have not got all my animals arranged yet," said Leona.

"Never mind," said Florence, "you can arrange them to-morrow. Put them all together in the basket now, and to-morrow you can begin again."

So Leona put the animals in the basket, and the next morning she began again. But in this case, as in the other, the whole of the time was consumed in forming the procession and in talking with Mrs. Morelle about the different animals, so that she did not get them into the ark the second day. She afterward brought them out two or three times more in the course of her visit, but always with the same result.

In the meantime, however, although the animals did not get into their place of refuge, Leona learned a great deal in her attempts to arrange them. She exercised and so improved her powers of observation, and all her other faculties, and she learned a great many facts, too, about the different animals, from Mrs. Morelle's conversation.

To return, however, to the rainy day when Leona first made the attempt. Florence and John, as soon as Leona had put the animals away, took her with them out into an unfinished chamber, over a part of the shed, and there they swung and played together for some time. At length they went back into the house, and thence

into Mrs. Morelle's room, where they stopped to talk with Mrs. Morelle, and tell her about their walk the day before on the grounds of the Chateau.

Among other things, they told her about the cascade, and the little tuft of foam, as Florence called it, which they saw revolving in the eddy. Florence asked her mother to explain to them what made it go so.

"We will play that I am a professor," said Mrs. Morelle, "and that you are my audience, and that I am going to give you a philosophical lecture upon the subject."

The children seemed to like this suggestion very much.

"The first thing," said Mrs. Morelle, "is to find a lecture room. You must go about to the different rooms in the house, and find five separate places that would be good for a lecture room. You see you will want a place where you can have rows of seats, or at least one row for the audience, and a seat opposite to the audience for the professor. There must also be a table near the professor's seat for him to perform his experiments upon, that is, in case he should have any experiments."

"Shall you have any experiments for us mother?" asked Florence.

"I may have one or two," replied Mrs. Morelle. "Yes," she added, after pausing a moment, "I shall certainly have one. So I must have a table. Go, then, and find five places where we might have our lecture, and then from the five choose one, and be very careful to make a good choice."

So the children went off to find the five places, and in about fifteen minutes they returned, saying that they had decided upon the lower part of the staircase in the hall.

"You see the steps of the stairs," said John, "will make seats for the audience, rising one above another, like the seats in a real lecture room. We are going to move the entry table out a little way for the apparatus, and set a chair for the professor. And what shall we do for the apparatus?"

"I will see about the apparatus," said Mrs. Morelle. "My assistant will bring it."

"Who is your assistant?" asked John.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morelle. "Tell me when you get the lecture room ready, and then I will go and tell my assistant about the apparatus. When I am ready I will ring a little bell, and then the audience must come in and take their seats in order."

The arrangements thus made were carried into

effect. The children notified Mrs. Morelle when the lecture room was ready, and then she rang her bell to call Bridget, and to tell her what to put upon the table. Afterward, when all was ready, she rang a little table bell to summon the audience. The children came in, one after the other in a row, and took their seats on the stairs in a very grave and dignified manner. They all looked with great interest upon the apparatus which had been placed upon the table. It consisted of a silver bowl half full of water, a small pitcher and two phials. The phials seemed to be about half full of some sort of liquid.

As soon as the audience was seated, the professor, who, however, had still her work in her hand, and continued to sew industriously all the time during the lecture, except while she was actually performing the experiments, commenced as follows :

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LECTURE.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

"The subject of the lecture this morning is foam. Foam is formed of small bubbles. A bubble is a portion of air inclosed in a thin film of water. Why the film of water should hold together as it does, and keep the air confined in it, is something very difficult to understand.

"The first experiment which I have to offer you, ladies and gentlemen, is to show how bubbles are formed."

Here Mrs. Morelle took up one of the phials which stood upon the table.

"You see this phial which I hold in my hand. This phial is full."

"No aunty," said Leona, "It is only half full."

"This phial, ladies and gentlemen," continued Mrs. Morelle, "may seem to be only half full, but it really is full. It is filled with water and air. The lower part is filled with water, and the upper part with air. The water extends up to the

point where I now hold my finger. All the part of the phial which is above that point is filled with air.

“The reason why the water takes the lower part of the phial and leaves only the upper part for the air is because the water is very much heavier than air. Thus the water all sinks to the bottom.

“If I were to pour any thing heavier than water into the phial, as mercury, for example, commonly called quicksilver, the heavier substance would take the lower part of the phial, and lift the water up to the upper part, as the water does now with the air. I should like very much to perform that experiment for you, ladies and gentlemen, but not being provided with any mercury this morning it is not in my power.

“When we place the phial on the table and leave it at rest, the water takes the lower part of it, and remains there quietly, and the air occupies the upper part. If, now, we agitate the phial—in other words, shake it about—we mix the air and water together. Some of the air gets driven down into the water, and for a moment is mixed with it, as you see.”

So saying, Mrs. Morelle shook the little bottle, and the children could plainly see that the air

became mixed with the water, and came up through it in small bubbles.

“Now I am coming, ladies and gentlemen, to something which is quite curious,” continued Mrs. Morelle. “It is this. The air, when it is forced down under the water, becomes separated, of course, into a great many different portions, and each separated portion is immediately made *round*. The reason why it becomes round is because the water presses upon it upon every side in an equal degree, just as your two hands press equally on every side upon a mass of soft snow, when you make a snow-ball. You have all observed the process of making a snow-ball, ladies and gentlemen. You take a quantity of soft snow in your hands, and no matter what the shape of it may be when you take it up from the snow-bank, by pressing it equally on every side with your hands you give it a round form.

“In the same manner the water takes every separate portion of air, which is driven into it by the shaking, and by pressing equally on each side of every one it forms them all into so many little balls of air. This is done in an instant, ladies and gentlemen, on account of the air being so perfectly yielding. If the snow is soft and yielding, you can make the snow-ball of it quicker than when it is hard. And the air being *per-*

fectly yielding is made into a little ball at once.

“These balls of air are very little indeed. Such extremely little balls are called *globules*. Please not forget the word, ladies and gentlemen. It is globules. A globe is a large ball. A globule is a little ball—too little to be easily handled, even if it were formed of a solid substance.

“If now, ladies and gentlemen, we look attentively at the separate portions of air which we shake into the water in this phial, we shall see that they all become little round bubbles before they get to the top of the water; but they come up so quick, and burst so soon after they get to the top, that we can not see them very well.”

Here Mrs. Morelle shook the phial again and held it up to the light, as if she were trying to see the little bubbles.

“But now,” she continued, “if instead of pure water we take a little soap and water, then the bubbles do not burst so quick, though I do not know why they do not.”

So saying, Mrs. Morelle put down the phial which she had been holding in her hand, and took up the other one.

“In this phial, ladies and gentlemen,” she said, “my assistant has put a little soap and

water, instead of pure water, and in soap and water, for some mysterious reason, the bubbles are not so evanescent. Remember the word, ladies and gentlemen—e-van-es-cent. That means, they do not vanish so soon. The little film of water which shuts in the globule of air remains stretched over it for a longer time. The bubbles, large and small all jammed together, remain on the top of the water a long time and form a foam.”

So saying, Mrs. Morelle shook the phial, and let the children see the froth or foam which was produced upon the water within.

“I will pass the phial round so that the audience may have the opportunity to observe the phenomenon.”

So saying, Mrs. Morelle gave the phial to John, and he passed it to Leona and to Florence, and let them shake it, and see how the portions of air which were thus thrown down under the surface of the water, and there became bubbles, rose at once to the surface of the water and formed foam. After Leona and Florence had looked at the bubbles as much as they wished, they returned the phial to John, and he repeated the experiment for his own satisfaction, and then gave it back to Mrs. Morelle.

“In the case of a running brook,” continued

Mrs. Morelle, resuming the lecture, "the bubbles which form the foam are not produced by shaking the water and the air together as in these phials, but by the pouring of water from above into other water below. To illustrate this, ladies and gentlemen, please look at this silver bowl. It is half filled with water. This little pitcher which I now hold in my other hand contains water too. If, now, I pour the water from the pitcher in a very small stream down into the water in the bowl—thus"—

So saying, Mrs. Morelle began to pour the water into the bowl. The nose of the pitcher was narrow, and so by pouring gently she could make a small stream. As she poured the stream in, a great number of bubbles of air began to rise up in the water that was in the bowl, all around the place where the stream from the pitcher went down.

"Now, this stream of water," continued Mrs. Morelle, "passing down through the air of the room rubs against the air all around it, and carries some of it down into the water. The air that is thus carried down gets pressed into round globules under the water, and comes up to the surface of the water in bubbles. A great many of these bubbles break, but some do not break. Those that do not break sail out to the side of

the bowl, and there arrange themselves in a row, along the margin.

"It is very much like this," continued Mrs. Morelle, "in a brook. When the water comes down over the rocks in a cascade it carries down some of the air with it into the water below. This air is then formed into globules under the water. The globules come up to the top. When they get to the top they lift up a thin film of the water over them, and so become bubbles. These bubbles sail away down the brook. A great many of them break. But some of them, especially when there is something in the water of that brook which acts like soap to make the film of water over the bubble more tenacious, sail away till they come to some eddy where the water is whirling round and round. They get into the eddy and whirl round too. They gradually collect in the center, and there form into a heap, and the heap goes on turning round and round all the time. Then children, taking a walk that way, stop perhaps upon some bridge that is near, where they can observe and admire the wonderful phenomenon.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, the lecture is finished. When the time and place of the next one are determined upon, the public will be duly notified."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OLD MILL.

ONE morning, while Leona was making her visit at Mrs. Morelle's, she and John were on the back piazza, playing with the kitten cage and the kitten, and they saw Grimkie coming in at the gate.

"Ah!" said Leona, "here comes Grimkie! Now I am going to ask him about the old mill."

Grimkie had told the children a few days before, when speaking about the postern gates that opened from the grounds of the Chateau, that there was one gate which the boys liked best of all, because it led to the old mill, and she had a great desire to go and see this old mill, without, however, having any distinct idea of what it would be. She judged from the name that it was likely to be something curious, and so she wanted to see it. Florence was desirous of going too, and so they had both determined to ask Grimkie when he next came, whether they *could* go to it, and if so, to inquire the way.

Accordingly, as soon as Grimkie came in they

put these questions to him. He said the old mill was a very curious place to see, and that it was very easy for them to go to it. He said that they must proceed by a certain road, which he indicated to them, until they came to the Château wall, and then follow that wall until they came to the blue postern gate, where they had gone in with him at the time when they took their walk to the cascade.

"You must go in at the postern gate," said he, "and then you must follow the walk along the glen till you come to the foot of the zigzag path, which leads up to the house; but instead of going up that path, you must keep on, up the glen, along the bank of the brook. There is a very good path all the way. The path will lead you direct to the yellow postern gate. You must open that gate and walk out."

"Won't it be fastened?" asked Florence.

"No," said Grimkie, "all the postern gates are kept open now till eight o'clock in the evening. The boys joined together to guarantee all the people outside from mischief, and so we can go and come as we please."

"That's a nice plan," said John. "I am going to the Chateau to school this fall."

As he said this, John laughed aloud and cut a most extraordinary caper, ending by whirling

himself round twice, as if he were trying to spin himself like a top. Then he suddenly resumed his gravity and began to listen to Grimkie again, being anxious to hear what more he had to say about the old mill.

"After you have gone through the yellow gate," said Grimkie, "you follow the path up the bank a few steps, till you come to an old road, almost all grown over with grass. Follow that road a short distance, and you will come to the mill. It stands on the bank of the stream, pretty near where the remains of the dam are. You had better be careful if you go above the dam, for the banks are steep up there, and there are some pretty deep holes in the water."

"Will Dr. Rightman be willing to have us go through his grounds?" asked Florence.

"Oh, yes!" said Grimkie. "He will *like* to have you go through them. He tells us we may invite our friends to come upon the grounds just as much as we like.

"I could come and meet you at the blue gate," said Grimkie, "if you don't get there till after twelve o'clock."

"But we shall get there about eleven," said Florence. "We shall want to go in good season, so as to have a good long time to play about the mill."

"We shall all be at our studies at eleven," said Grimkie, "but you can find your way easily enough."

Having said this, Grimkie left the children, and went into the house to see Mrs. Morelle, to whom he had some errand.

As soon as Florence and John had finished their studies that day, they proposed to their mother the plan which they had formed of going to see the old mill, and she fully approved it.

"I wish you would go too, mother," said John.

"Very well," said Mrs. Morelle, "I will go with you if you would like to have my company."

The whole party were very much pleased to hear this, and they all ran off to make their preparations. In about ten minutes they all came together again on the front piazza, which had been appointed as the place of rendezvous, and immediately set off.

They followed Grimkie's directions until they arrived at the blue postern gate. John opened the gate by means of the great iron latch, and they all went in.

They descended the little path which led down into the glen, and then followed the great glen path up along the bank of the stream, now on

one side, and now on the other. They crossed from one side to the other by the bridges which were spoken of in the former chapter, and they stopped upon several of them to look down into the stream, and see the cascades carrying down the air into the water, and then to see the air coming up again in little bubbles below, as Mrs. Morelle had described in her lecture.

"There is one thing very curious that happens upon a stream like this in the winter," said Mrs. Morelle. "The water skims over with ice just below these cascades, and then, when the bubbles which are formed by the air that is carried down get under the ice, they can not come up to the top of the water, for the ice stops them. So they come up to the under surface of the ice, and then, if they are large, they spread out and form flat bubbles instead of round; and then, if the under side of the ice slopes upward a little in any direction, the bubbles glide away in that direction till they come to some hole, and so get out. It is very curious, in such a case, to look down through the ice, and see the bubbles creeping along on the under side of it, like living things running after each other."

"That must be very curious," said Florence. "I wish it was winter now."

"We can come here some time next winter,"

said Mrs. Morelle, "and see them. Sometimes the bubbles get stopped, and then, as the ice grows thicker, they are frozen in. They look very pretty sometimes, like beads of white glass in the middle of the solid ice."

The children walked on after this until they came to the plank bridge where they had seen the foam, and there they stopped to see if the heap of foam had formed again. They found that it had formed again, and was slowly revolving in the eddy below the bridge, just as before.

After looking at the foam for some time, they all went on until they came to the foot of the zigzag path. Instead of going up this path, however, as they had done before, they went on following the path which led along by the bank of the brook up the glen. Before long they came in sight of the high brick wall which formed the inclosure of the grounds. They saw the gate, too, or door which led through this wall, at the end of the path.

"Yes," said John, as soon as the gate came into view, "we are all right. This is the gate. See! it is painted yellow."

The gate was indeed painted on the side toward the grounds, which was the side now in sight, of a brownish yellow.

John opened the gate, and the party went

through. They found, as Grimkie had said, that the path outside led up to a road which, when they reached it, they found was pretty well grown over with grass. They followed this road a short distance, with the brook on their right hand tumbling over a bed of rocks at the bottom of a little dell, until at length they came in sight of the old mill.

The mill was an ancient-looking stone building, now gone to ruin. It was built in the side of the hill, between the bank of the brook and the road, in such a manner that there was a sort of basement-story half under ground. In other words, though the road was on a level with the principal ground floor, there was another story below, open on the back side, but closed by the ground on the front side. The roof was gone, over a considerable part of the building, and the doors and windows were broken out.

Just above the mill were seen, in the bed of the stream, the remains of an old stone dam. A breach had been made in this dam by some great freshet, but the opening had been afterward so choked up with drift wood and rubbish, that great pools of deep water lay at different places in the windings of the brook above. Bushes grew in dense thickets on the banks, and willows, from which long branches hung drooping over

the water. All around the mill were many smooth and pretty places, covered with grass, with rocks here and there to furnish seats, and trees spreading their branches over them for shade.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Morelle, "here is as pretty a place for you to play as you could possibly desire. I am going to sit down upon the rocks on the other side of the road to read, and you may play about the mill till I call you. You must not go above the dam, and you must not go out of sight of the mill."

So Mrs. Morelle, taking a book out of her pocket, went up among some rocks on the side of the road opposite the mill, and sat down there to read, while the children went down to the grassy places between the mill and the brook to play. The first thing they did was to build a fire on a great flat stone near the brook, out of sticks and bushes, and bits of wood which they picked up along the margin of the stream. John had matches in his pocket.

Just as the fire began to burn, Florence was standing near it, having just put on a handful of chips and straw, and John was coming up from among the rocks below, when Leona, who had gone above the mill, to a place between the mill and the dam, in search of sticks, came

running round the corner apparently in great alarm.

"Florence!" said she, "Florence! There are robbers in this mill."

"Robbers!" repeated Florence. "Nonsense."

"There *are* robbers," said Leona, "you may depend. I just saw one of them."

Then seeing John coming up along the bank of the brook from below, she called out to him too.

"John!" said she. "We must go away from this mill this minute. There are robbers in it."

"Robbers!" said John. "I should like to see the robbers."

"I saw one of them," said Leona. "I saw him round the corner."

"How did he look?" said John.

"He looked terrible," said Leona.

"Let's go and see him," said John. "Come with me and show me where he is."

"No," said Leona, drawing back. "I don't dare to go."

"Then I will go alone," said John.

"So saying, John marched off boldly toward the corner of the mill. Florence and Leona followed him at a little distance. Leona looked very much frightened. Florence smiled, but the truth was she was somewhat frightened too.

John went boldly round the corner and looked

about in every direction but there was nobody to be seen.

"Where are your robbers?" said he. "Show me them."

Leona came on at a little distance from John, with a timid air.

"I don't know where they have gone," said she.

"How many were there?" asked John.

"One," said Leona, "At least I only saw one, but I suppose there must be some more."

"Where was he?" asked John.

"He was standing right there," said Leona, pointing to a place among some rocks near the side of the mill.

There was a door leading into the basement story of the mill near the rocks where Leona said she had seen the robber, but it was shut.

"He must have gone in at that door," said Leona.

"But that door is shut," said John, "and I'll bet it's fastened."

So saying, John went boldly up to the door and tried to open it, but he could not. There was a small window at a little distance from the door, but the sill of it was so high above the ground that John, even by standing on tiptoe could not reach up to look in.

"Ah, Leona!" said he, "it was some gray

rock in the form of a man that you saw, and no robber."

"No," replied Leona. "It was a robber really and truly. He must have run off somewhere, and I should have seen where he went, only as soon as I saw him I turned round and ran off too."

"Ah, Leona!" said John, laughing. "You have got a pretty bright imagination. Let us go back to our fire."

No other incident specially remarkable occurred, after that of Leona's seeing the robber, as she said, as long as the party remained at the old mill. The children continued to play about their fire, roasting some apples which they brought with them, and amusing themselves in other ways for more than an hour, and then they returned home.

Leona had not been mistaken in supposing that she saw some one on the green near the old mill, though it was not a man that she saw there, but a boy. He was a very wild and wretched looking boy, and it is not surprising that Leona took him for a robber. His name was Jekk. As soon as he saw Leona turn and run away, he turned himself and ran into the basement story of the mill and fastened the door inside by putting up the brace against it. There was another boy in

there at the time, whom he called Spinner. Both boys stood against the brace which they had put up to fasten the door, while John was trying to open it, and that was the reason why John could not get in.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SAND IN THE HOUR-GLASS.

ONE morning, while Florence and John were at their studies, Leona was playing upon the piazza, and among other things which Florence had given her there to occupy and amuse her was the hour-glass. There was a small low table placed in a corner of the piazza with a chair by the side of it, where Leona was to sit. She had some work to do, namely, making a pillow for the doll's cradle. Florence had cut out and basted the pillow case, and had given Leona a quantity of cotton to put into it, as soon as she had sewn up the sides. Near by was the kitten cage, with the kitten in it. Florence put the hour-glass upon the little table just before the time came for her and John to go in to their studies. When she brought the hour-glass and put it upon the table, she laid it down upon its side.

"You see the sand does not run," she said, "as long as the hour-glass is down upon its side. You must set it up as soon as we go in to our

studies. Then you can watch the sand as it runs out, and you can know that as soon as it is all gone it will be time for us to finish our studies."

So saying, Florence, leaving the hour-glass lying upon its side on the table, went away.

When Leona judged that the time had arrived for the children to begin their work, she set the glass up, and began to watch the sand as it came down in a fine and beautiful stream from the upper cone into the lower one, through the narrow neck in the middle.

"What pretty sand!" she said to herself, "and how fast it runs. I wonder where they get such fine and pretty sand."

Then after going on with her work for a few minutes longer in silence, she concluded to go and ask her aunt Morelle where people could get such pretty sand.

So she went into the little room where her aunt was sitting at her work, and asked her the question.

"I think it is very probable that they get it in the Isle of Wight," said Mrs. Morelle. "At any rate, I saw some sand there in the cliffs, at a certain bay called Alum Bay. That is a famous place for sands of all kinds and colors."

"Tell me about it aunty," said Leona.

"Well, once upon a time I went on board a

ship and sailed across the Atlantic ocean. The Atlantic ocean is very wide. So wide that although we went in a steamboat, and sailed very fast, and were going all the time, day and night, without stopping at all, it took us more than eleven days to get across. We got across at last, however, and landed in England.

"Then we traveled through England to the southern part. We went by the railroad, and it was several hundred miles. When we got to the southern part of England we came to the seashore. But the sea was not very wide there. At least, there was a place where it was not very wide. It was like the river here opposite to our house, and beyond the water we could see a long extent of green and beautiful land, with trees, and fields, and towns, and villages upon it. We could look across to see all this, just as you can look across the river here, and see the land on the other side.

"This country which we saw across the water was called the Isle of Wight. We went on board a steamboat, and sailed over to the Isle of Wight. We found when we got there that it was a most beautiful country. We took a carriage and rode all one day, until we came to the furthest corner of it. There we found a great swelling hill, with steep precipices toward the sea.



SHORES OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The hill was very smooth, and it had no houses and trees upon it, excepting that in one place, near the edge of the cliff, there was a large and very pretty hotel. Would you like to see a picture of this hotel?"

Leona said that she would like to see a picture of the hotel very much indeed.

"Then you must go into the Octagon," said Mrs. Morelle, "and get my journal. You will find Florence and John there at their studies, but you must not speak to them, or pay any attention to them. Pass directly through the room to my secretary. Open down the lid of the desk part, and you will see three small drawers just above the lid, on the right hand side.*

"Open the lowermost of these drawers and look in, and you will see a book bound in green morocco. Take out the book and bring it to me."

Leona went as she had been directed, and in a short time returned bringing the book.

Mrs. Morelle opened the journal, and turning over the leaves a little she came at length to this picture.

"Do you see the hotel standing on the cliff near the shore?" said Mrs. Morelle.

* See the engraving of the Octagon room in the frontispiece of the first volume of this series, called Florence and John.

"Yes, aunty," said Leona. "And what a pretty hotel it is! What pretty piazzas!"

"They are very pretty, indeed," said Mrs. Morelle. "Our room was the corner room, second story—*there*."

So saying, Mrs. Morelle pointed to the further corner room on the second story, as seen in the picture.

"We used to come out upon the piazza in the second story by that door which you see there, next to our room," said Mrs. Morelle. "It was very pleasant to sit there and look out over the cliffs to the sea, and watch the sail-boats and ships and steamers sailing by."

"Sometimes," continued Mrs. Morelle, "we used to walk out to the margin of the cliffs and look down. Only we took care not to go too near. Do you see all the people out there on the cliff?"

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. There are seven out there," said Leona.

"And two at the foot of the cliff below," said Mrs. Morelle.

"I see them," said Leona. "They are going to get into that sail-boat."

"There was a path with steps to come down from the hotel to the beach," said Mrs. Morelle. "See if you can find the path."

"This is it," said Leona, pointing to the path coming down the bank on the left-hand side of the picture. "And I see a carriage standing in the water. What a funny-looking carriage it is, too."

"It is what they call a bathing-machine," said Mrs. Morelle. "They have them in a great many places along the shores of the Isle of Wight. You see that curious-looking contrivance on the side toward the water. That is a sort of hood that comes down in that way when a lady is bathing, so as to hide her from view. The people get into the carriage while it is yet on the land. The men then back the carriage, with the people in it, down the slope of the sand into the water. Then, when it gets in where the water is deep enough, the people take off their clothes and put on a bathing-dress, and go down some steps under the hood and bathe."

"Or if there is nobody very near them, then they have the hood drawn up, and so they can bathe in the open water."

"The cliffs are formed of chalk," said Mrs. Morelle, continuing her description of the engraving. "Did you ever hear of the chalky cliffs of Old England?"

"No, aunty," said Leona, "I never did."

"You will hear of them very often when you grow up and become a young lady," said Mrs. Morelle. "And this is the way they look. They extend all along the shores in a great many places on the southern side of England. The great swells of land extending above the cliffs back into the country are called the Downs. It is delightful to walk over the Downs. There are no trees and no houses upon them—nothing but soft smooth grass, reaching every way as far as you can see, and here and there great flocks of sheep feeding upon it. It is very pleasant, too, to ride over the Downs. There are a great many roads, and then, besides that, the ground is so smooth that they can drive almost anywhere over them, wherever they wish to go.

"While we were at this hotel," continued Mrs. Morelle, "we heard that there was a curious bay over beyond that great swelling hill that you see in the picture, where the cliffs were formed of layers of sand of all sorts of colors, and we thought we would go and see it. In fact, we had seen a great many sand pictures in the shop windows, in all the villages that we had come through on the way."

"Sand pictures!" repeated Leona.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Morelle. "That is very curious. The sands in the cliffs at Alum Bay

are of such bright colors, and are so fine, that they make pictures of them."

"I do n't see how they can possibly make pictures out of sand," said Leona.

"They do it in a very curious way," said Mrs. Morelle. "First they determine what the picture is to be. Then they wash over all the parts that are to be *red*, for example, with gum-water, and then sprinkle red sand all over the paper. The sand sticks only where the gum-water was put on, say, for instance, where there was going to be a chimney, or somebody wearing a red gown. Then, when the red parts are dry, they wash over all the parts that are to be green with the gum-water, and sprinkle on green sand. And so on until all the colors are put on, and then the picture is done."

"What a funny way to make a picture!" said Leona.

"It is indeed a very funny way," said Mrs. Morelle, "and very funny pictures they are that are made by it."

"Are the pictures pretty?" asked Leona.

"I don't think they are very pretty as pictures, I must say," replied Mrs. Morelle. "They are curious rather than pretty. Still, they are much prettier pictures than you would think could be made out of sand. We thought that

we should like to see the bay where the sands came from."

"And did you go?" asked Leona.

"Yes," said Mrs. Morelle, "we ordered a carriage, and when it came we all got into it and rode over the Downs several miles. At last we came to another hotel on the Downs, near the place where the path led down to the bay. We left our carriage at the hotel, and walked down. The upland was so high that we had to descend a long distance through the valley which led to the beach below. When we got down we found high cliffs all around us except where we came down, and instead of being formed of chalk, the cliffs were made of layers of sand of all colors. We took out some pieces of sand from the layers. They were pretty hard, but still we could crumble them in pieces between our fingers. We chose out some of the prettiest colors and wrapped up specimens in paper to bring home. I have got them now. They are put away somewhere among my things. Some day, I will see if I can find them, and show them to you."

Leona said that she should like to see them very much indeed.

"Among the other kinds that we found," said Mrs. Morelle, "there was some that was almost exactly like that in the hour-glass. It was as

fine and as smooth as that, and it was precisely the same color,

“And that is all I know,” said Mrs. Morelle, in conclusion, “about where they get the sand to put into hour-glasses.”

“And how do they get the sand into the hour-glass?” asked Leona.

“There is an opening in one end of the glass,” replied Mrs. Morelle, “and they pour the sand in there.”

“And how do they know how much to put in, so that it shall run exactly an hour?” asked Leona.

“They put in more than enough at first,” said Mrs. Morelle, “and then they set the glass up and let the sand run. They see what o’clock it is when they begin, and then, at the end of an hour, they allow what has run through into the lower glass to remain, and the rest they pour out again, and then stop up the opening.”

“Ah yes,” said Leona, “now I understand.”

CHAPTER XIX.

THE APPLE CLAIM

ONE day about this time the boys at the Cha-teau were summoned to a meeting in the amphitheater. They were called in by the bell in the usual way. As they came in in little groups, some from one part of the grounds and some from another, they asked each other what the meeting was for, but nobody could tell.

At length, as soon as all were in, and had taken their seats, a boy named Beekman arose, and said that he nominated Aspinwall as chairman of the meeting. The nomination was seconded. Beekman put it to vote and declared Aspinwall elected. Aspinwall immediately went to the chairman's place behind the table and asked what the business was. Beekman at once rose in his seat, and made the following statement:

"I have a communication to make from Dr. Rightman," said he. "He says some damage has been done in the neighborhood, and he wishes us to consider whether or not we feel bound under our agreement with him to pay for it."

The boys all looked round very eagerly at the speaker, when they heard these words, and seemed to be all attention to know the rest of the story.

"There is a Mr. Grafton, who lives about a quarter of a mile out of town, on the road that leads by the blue postern gate, who had his garden robbed last night. He has some very nice fruit trees in his garden, and one of them bears early apples, very large and rosy, which were just ready to be gathered. Last night they were nearly all taken from the tree and carried off, and he thinks that some of the boys of this school took them."

"Oh! oh!" said the boys, calling out in tones of indignation.

"What reason has he for suspecting us?" said one.

"I know *I* did n't take them," said another.

"Order, gentlemen! order!" said the chairman, rapping at the same time upon the table.

"Let us proceed in order."

"Mr. Chairman!" said Fiske, rising suddenly in his place.

"Order!" said the chairman. "Beekman has the floor. No one must speak until Beekman has finished what he has to say."

So Fiske sat down again, and the room once more became still.

"What made Mr. Grafton think that some boys from this school must have stolen his apples is this," said Beekman, continuing his statement, "he found pieces of apples and cores all along the road from his garden to the blue postern gate of our grounds. There were not a great many of them, but there was here and there one, as if the boys who took the apples ate some of them on the way home, and threw the pieces and cores away; and he, by looking carefully, found them lying in the grass up to the very gate. He came and told Dr. Rightman this, and Dr. Rightman went to see them, and he found them there, as Mr. Grafton said. Dr. Rightman looked inside of the postern gate, too, and he found some there, pretty near the gate. But he could not find any more on the way toward the house. Mr. Grafton says he supposes the boys stopped eating the apples when they found that they were getting near home. At any rate, he says that his finding the pieces all along the road as far as to the postern gate, and some inside, proves that the apples must have been taken by some of the boys of this school."

"I believe he put them there himself," said one of the boys, "to make believe that we stole

his apples, because he did not know who else to charge with it."

"Order, gentlemen!" said Aspinwall. "Beekman has the floor."

"That is all I have to say," said Beekman, "only Dr. Rightman wished to have the boys take the subject into consideration, and decide what they think they ought to do about it."

So saying, Beekman took his seat

"I move we don't pay," said one of the boys.

"I move we do," said another.

"I second the motion," said Fiske.

"Which motion do you second?" asked the chairman.

"The one that we *don't* pay," said Fiske. "There is no proof at all that any of the boys of this school did it."

"It is moved and seconded," said the chairman, "that we refuse to pay this damage. Are you ready for the question?"

Here a small boy named Vandyck rose and said, "Mr. Chairman."

"Vandyck," said the chairman.

"I don't think we ought to pay, but then, if we don't, Dr. Rightman will lock up all the postern gates, and we shall always have to go and get leave whenever we have to go out of bounds."

Vandyck sat down after making this speech, and then Grimkie rose. On receiving permission from the chairman to speak, he said,

"It seems to me, Mr. Chairman, that we have not yet got all the facts in this case. I should like to ask Beekman if he knows how much there is to pay. What were the apples worth?"

"The man thinks," said Beekman, rising in his seat to answer the question, "that the apples were worth about four dollars, which Dr. Rightman says would make two for him, and two for us, if we decide to pay for them."

"And what does Dr. Rightman think about it himself?" continued Grimkie. "Does he think we ought to pay for them?"

"He does not say," replied Beekman. "He says he wishes us to consider the case, and do as we think we ought to do under the agreement."

"I should like to know," said Vandyck, "whether he will shut up the gates if we don't pay."

"We can send and ask him," said Grimkie.

"I move that we do," said a boy, and I nominate Beekman to go."

Some one seconded the motion; the chairman put it to vote, and declared it carried. So Beekman went out in order to go to Dr. Rightman's study and ask the question.

As soon as he was gone, Grimkie rose.

"Mr. Chairman," said he.

"Grimkie," said the chairman.

"I think, Mr. Chairman," said Grimkie, "that we had better pay this money. I don't think it is certain by any means that any of our boys stole the apples. Finding pieces of apples and cores along the road leading to our gate, or even inside the gate, is no proof. Any body may have thrown down pieces of apple there. Still, I think we had better pay. Our share is only two dollars, and that divided among us all will not make quite ten cents a piece. Now we had better pay ten cents a piece to show that when we make a bargain we are ready to fulfill it honorably, and that we are ready to pay the damages even when it is not perfectly certain that we ought to pay. It will raise our character, and that of the school, for fair and honorable dealing a great deal more than the money is worth."

As soon as Grimkie took his seat three boys rose and all called out *Mr. Chairman* together.

"Fiske," said the chairman, fixing his eyes upon Fiske. The other two boys then sat down.

"I don't see any justice at all," said Fiske, "in our paying for these apples. There is not any proof against us, not the least ; and I move we don't pay. And if Dr. Rightman has a mind

to shut up the gates on that account let him do it. So I move that we don't pay."

"I second the motion," said the Cuban boy, Marisco.

"You hear the motion, gentlemen," said the chairman. "Are you ready for the question?"

"I think we had better wait," said Grimkie, "till Beekman comes back, and we hear what Dr. Rightman says."

"No," said Fiske, "let us have the vote now."

Fiske was afraid that Dr. Rightman would send back word that unless they paid for the apples he should lock up the gates, and that would induce some of the boys to vote in favor of paying.

"Now ! now !" said several of the boys.

So the chairman put the vote.

"It is moved and seconded," said he, "that we send word to Dr. Rightman that we do not think there is any proof that the boys of this school took the apples, and so we think we ought not to pay."

It is the general custom in deliberative assemblies among men for all motions to be made in writing, and then when the chairman puts the question to vote he reads the writing. But in many cases, where the meetings are not very formal, the motions are made orally, and in such

cases, when the chairman calls for the vote upon them, he puts them himself in such language as he thinks will best express the intentions of the mover and of the meeting.

"As many of you as are in favor of this motion please to say, Aye," said the chairman.

"Aye ! Aye !" said a great many boys.

"Those contrary minded will please to say, No."

"No ! No !" said a great many other boys. It was doubtful which were in the majority. In such cases it is customary for the chairman to say the ayes have it, or the noes have it, just as it happens, and if the other side think it is not so, some one says, Doubted, and then the chairman calls upon the voters to rise and be counted.

In this case the chairman said that the eyes had it, whereupon Grimkie said Doubted.

"The vote is doubted," said the chairman.

"All those who are in favor of this motion, that is, of deciding that we will not pay"—

Just at this point the door opened and Beekman appeared.

"A message from Dr. Rightman," said he.

The chairman then stopped putting the vote in order that the meeting might hear the message.

"Dr. Rightman says," continued Beekman,

"that he does not consider the finding of the apples along the road as positive proof that any of the boys of this school were engaged in the robbery of Mr. Grafton's garden, and therefore, if we decline to pay, he shall not on that account shut up the gates. He does not consider that we are absolutely bound to pay, by our agreement, unless the proof is better than it is in this case.

"He wishes that we should do just as we think is best about it. He says, he hopes, however, that whichever way it is decided the minority will acquiesce at once and good naturedly in the result, as all minorities should do."

Having thus made his report, Beekman went to his seat and sat down.

The boys seemed to be brought somewhat to a stand by the receipt of this message, especially those who had been opposed to paying for the apples. They had expected an urgent call upon them to pay, accompanied probably by a threat that if they did not do so the gates should be closed. There was a moment's pause, and then the chairman said that he would proceed in putting the question the second time, in order that the votes might be counted.

Fiske here reached over to Marisco, who, like him, seemed to be one of the leaders of the party

opposed to paying, and touching him on the shoulder, said in a loud whisper :

“Never mind Marisco, let’s pay.”

Marisco nodded.

“All who are in favor of this motion, namely, that we send word to Dr. Rightman that we have decided not to pay, will please to rise and be counted.”

Nobody rose. Two or three of the smaller boys, who had before voted aye, seemed a little uncertain for a moment what to do, but, perceiving that Fiske and Marisco did not rise, they remained in their seats.

“Those who are opposed to the motion will rise.”

Every boy in the school rose.

“The motion is negatived,” said the chairman.

“I now move,” said Fiske, rising in his place, “that we send word to Dr. Rightman that we *will* pay.”

This motion was unanimously carried. A committee was appointed to collect the money, both the boys’ share, and also that of Dr. Rightman, and to carry the amount when collected to Mr. Grafton. After this the meeting adjourned.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DEPUTATION.

THE committee that was appointed to collect the money to pay for the apples and carry it to Mr. Grafton consisted of Grimkie and Fiske. Grimkie took a paper and wrote upon it a list of all who were to pay, beginning with Dr. Rightman and ending with the smallest boy in school. Then the committee taking this list went to every person whose name was upon it, and collected the money. On taking the money from each person Grimkie wrote the word Paid after his name.

When the money was all collected, the committee immediately proceeded to Mr. Grafton's house. They went in at the front gate, and knocked at the door. A nice looking woman, Mr. Grafton's wife, came to the door, and told the committee, in answer to their inquiry, that her husband was in the green-house.

"Go right round the corner there into the garden," said she, "and you will see him."

So the committee passed round the corner, and

there they saw before them the end of the greenhouse, with the door. They went and found Mr. Grafton at work there training up a vine.*

"We belong to the Chateau," said Grimkie, "and we have come to see you about the apples that were taken from your garden."

"Taken!" repeated Mr. Grafton, in an indignant tone, and looking toward the two boys with a fierce expression of countenance. "They were *stolen*. And are you the fellows that stole them?"

This was certainly a very impertinent mode of speaking on the part of Mr. Grafton, and Grimkie felt some temptation to respond in the same spirit. But the idea immediately arose to his mind, that since he and the boy who was with him were acting as a committee to transact business, not for themselves but for the whole school, they were specially bound to be careful to avoid doing or saying any thing impolite or ungentlemanly, whatever the temptation might be. So he simply replied :

"No, sir, we are not the persons that stole your apples. We are a committee sent by the school to pay for them."

As he spoke these words, he drew from his

* See Frontispiece.

pocket a wallet containing the money which he had brought.

The farmer seemed quite surprised to hear this reply. His countenance immediately changed its expression, and he left his work and came forward toward Grimkie and the other boy, looking somewhat ashamed.

"We made an agreement with Dr. Rightman," said Grimkie, "that if he would allow us to ramble about in our play-hours wherever we pleased, instead of confining us to bounds, then, in case any damage should be done under circumstances to make it appear that it was probably done by anybody belonging to the school, we would join together and pay for it. Dr. Rightman was to pay half, and the boys the other half.

"As to your apples, we do n't really think that any of our boys took them. Dr. Rightman had a thorough search made in all the boys' rooms, and he could not find any traces of them. Still, as you think that some of our boys took them, we prefer to pay. And here is the money."

So saying, Grimkie tendered Mr. Grafton the money.

"We should like to have you give us a receipt," said Grimkie, "if it is not too much trouble. We want some evidence to show that we actually paid the money."

"Won't they take your word for it?" asked Mr. Grafton.

"They would take our word, I have no doubt," said Grimkie, "but we are not willing to give it to them. We want proof."

"That's all right," said Mr. Grafton. "When you are doing business for other people you can't be too particular about the formalities. I'll go in and write a receipt and bring it out to you. In the meantime take a ramble about the garden, and if you find any thing that looks as if it would taste good, eat it."

"What names shall I put into the receipt?" said Mr. Grafton, looking back.

"Grimkie and Fiske," said Grimkie.

"All right," said Mr. Grafton. So saying, he went away, and the two boys turned to go into the garden.

After looking about for some little time among the trees, Grimkie said,

"I'll tell you what it is, Fiske, there are a good many apples left in this garden, besides other things coming ripe, and I believe that the rogues—whoever they were that came before—will come again, since they did not get found out."

"I hope not," said Fiske, "for we can't afford to go on paying in this way for all the fruit there is in this garden."

"I have an idea of contriving some plan to set a watch for them," said Grimkie.

"That's a capital idea," replied Fiske. "We will watch ourselves."

"No," said Grimkie. "We should have to stay out here till midnight or after."

"We might have to stay till morning," said Fiske.

"I don't think we should really have to stay till morning," rejoined Grimkie, "for when boys rob orchards it is almost always before midnight that they do it. But I don't think that Dr. Rightman would give us leave to come out here and watch even till midnight."

"We could creep down sliely out of our rooms," said Fiske, "and not let him know."

"But the gates are all locked, and we could not get out," said Grimkie.

"I can get out easily enough," replied Fiske.

"How?" asked Grimkie.

"Why by a knotted rope," said Fiske. "If you tie knots in a rope about a foot apart, you can climb up by it very easily. I can knot a rope in that way, and then go out at ten o'clock to the blue postern gate, and throw the end of the rope over the wall, and so climb up."

"And how can you fasten the rope on the other side," asked Grimkie, "so as to prevent

its pulling back when you begin to climb up?"

"That indeed," said Fiske, looking perplexed. "I did not think of that."

Then, after a short pause, he added,

"If we only had somebody on the other side to take the end and fasten it to a tree."

"I think, if we have anybody on the other side, we had better get them to watch for us," said Grimkie.

Just at this moment the boys saw Mr. Grafton coming with the receipt in his hand. They went to meet him.

He gave Grimkie the receipt. It was as follows:

"Received of Grimkie and Fiske four dollars, from the school at the Chateau, being compensation in full for the loss of apples taken from my garden night before last.

"JEREMIAH GRAFTON.

"Sept. 10."

Having received this document, Grimkie and Fiske bade the farmer good-bye and returned to the Chateau.

CHAPTER XXI.

DETECTING THE THIEVES.

GRIMKIE went to bed that night revolving in his mind how he could contrive to set a watch in the neighborhood of Mr. Grafton's garden. Fiske at the same hour was thinking of the same subject, but his thoughts were taking somewhat of a different turn. He was considering the ways and means of watching himself. He had already matured his plan, and he was now preparing to execute it. He had made Marisco his confidant and comrade ; and it had been agreed between them that, as soon as the rest of the boys had gone to bed, and had had time to get asleep, they were both to get up and climb out of the windows of their rooms, which, as it happened, were both upon the ground floor, and go off together to watch for the robbers.

Accordingly, about ten o'clock, which was about an hour after the boys' bed time, Fiske got up and began to dress himself. There was no light in the room except what came from the

moon, but that was enough to enable him to see pretty well.

When he was nearly ready his room-mate turned over in his bed, opened his eyes, and seemed half inclined to wake up.

"Fiske," said he, in a sleepy tone of voice, "Is that you?"

"Go to sleep," said Fiske.

"Where are you go—going?" said the boy—almost asleep again.

"Never you mind," said Fiske. "Shut up your eyes and go to sleep."

"Yes," said the boy, "I w—will. But first, I—I—want to know—eh"—

Here his faculties failed him, and he fell again into a sound sleep. Fiske opened the window gently, and let himself down to the ground.

He walked softly along under the trees until he came to a seat near the entrance to the zigzag path leading down into the glen. Marisco was sitting upon this seat, waiting for him.

"All right," said Fiske, in a loud whisper, as soon as he saw Marisco.

"Where's your rope?" said Marisco.

"It is out here where I hid it," said Fiske.

Marisco rose from his seat and he and Fiske went together down the zigzag path. As soon as they were entirely beyond hearing of the house

they talked together as they went along, in their ordinary tones of voice. Fiske stopped at one time, where there was a little thicket near a rock, and drew forth from a place of concealment there a long rope, tied with knots about a foot apart from each other, along the whole length of the rope, from end to end.

"At first," said he, "I could not contrive any way to get over the wall with the rope, for want of a way to fasten it, but this afternoon I walked all along the wall, and at last I found a place where there was a great tree outside, pretty near, with a big branch reaching over. If we can just throw one end of the rope over that branch, and pull it down, then we can climb up.

"We can do that I think," said Marisco.

So the boys walked on. When at length they reached the blue gate they turned to the left and followed the wall a little way. There were a great many small trees on both sides of the wall, but they found no large ones until they came to the one which Fiske had described. This tree was an oak. It grew not far from the wall outside, and, as Fiske had said, there was one large branch which extended horizontally from it over the wall, and not far above it. The branch was about ten feet from the ground.

"There!" said Fiske, "All we have got to do

is to throw our rope over that branch, and then to pull the end down."

After three or four trials Fiske succeeded in getting the end of the rope over the branch. But it hung down only a little way, and though the boys jumped up as high as they could, they could not reach it.

"We must make a hook and pull it down," said Marisco. "I'll get a long pole out of the bushes."

So saying, Marisco went into the thicket near by, and began to look for a stem among the bushes which was long and slender, and which at the same time had a branch growing out near the ground. The moon shone bright enough for him to see pretty well, and at length he found what he was seeking. He cut the stem off below the branch, and then he cut off the branch about six inches from the stem, thus forming a sort of hook. He also trimmed off the top. Thus he had a pole about six feet long, with a short branch growing out at one end of it, and forming a hook.

He brought this out to the tree, and with it the two boys easily got hold of a sort of loop which they had previously made in the end of the knotted rope, and pulled it down.

"Now, Marisco," said Fiske, "you hold

on by the loop while I climb up on the other side."

Fiske was a very good climber, and he was soon up in the tree. When there, he wound one end of the rope two or three times round the branch, and then Marisco climbed up. They then crept down the branch across the wall to the tree, and from the tree they descended to the ground. They left the rope, however, in the tree, to be ready there when they should come back.

"There!" said Fiske, as soon as they both had reached the ground. "Now we are over."

So saying, he led the way and Marisco followed, until they came out into the road. They went along the road in the direction toward Mr. Grafton's house.

They walked on, quietly talking together by the way, and every now and then stopping to listen. In their conversation they discussed the plan which they should adopt in their watching.

"If they come at all to-night," said Fiske, "they will come before twelve o'clock, and it is after ten now. So that we shall not have to wait more than two hours."

"We can wait two hours well enough without getting sleepy," said Marisco.

"There is a nice place for us to hide in while

we are watching," said Fiske. "Just opposite the garden, on the side where they must have got in, there is an old—hush ! here is somebody coming."

The boys listened and looked behind them. There was a turn in the road in that direction, so that they could not see far, but they could hear footsteps and voices coming.

"Let us get over this old stone wall," said Fiske, "and wait till they go by. Perhaps they are the robbers."

There was a gap in the wall nearly opposite where the boys were standing, occasioned by the falling down of the stones. Fiske and Marisco scrambled through this gap, and crouching down on the other side they waited for the persons that they had heard to come by.

In a few minutes they came. Fiske and Marisco could see them pretty distinctly in the moonbeams as they passed. They were boys. There were two of them. They were very poorly dressed, and they looked gaunt and miserable.

The two boys passed on, and then Fiske and Marisco came out again through the gap in the hedge and followed them, proceeding, however, in a very cautious manner. They kept on one side of the road all the time, and as much as possible in the shade. When at length they

came near the garden, they saw the two boys pull out a long and narrow board from behind a pile of boards near. The narrow board had notches cut in the edges of it, on each side. The boys set up this board against Mr. Grafton's garden-wall, and then climbed up, one after the other, and disappeared on the further side.

Fiske and Marisco hid by the corner of a wall belonging to another house, and waited to see if the boys would come back.

"Hush!" said Fiske, in a whisper. "Do n't speak a word! They'll come back pretty soon. They won't stay long on the other side of that wall, you may depend."

True enough, in a few minutes the head of one of the boys was seen rising above the wall. Very soon the other appeared, too. They had a bag with them, which seemed to be full of apples.

"As soon as they get to the ground, let us make a dash at them," said Marisco, speaking, as Fiske had done, in a whisper. "They'll drop the bag and run."

"Yes," said Fiske, "and then we can never find out who they are and where they live. Besides, people will think then that we stole the apples."

"We can tell them how it was," said Marisco.

"Yes, but who will believe us," said Fiske. "Besides, we want to know where the boys live. So we will follow them and see where they go."

The boys stopped as soon as they had got to the foot of the wall with their apples, and looked all about and listened. Not seeing anybody or hearing any sounds, the biggest one took the bag of apples on his shoulder, and they both began to walk together along the road.

Fiske and Marisco kept perfectly still while the boys were passing by the place where they were concealed, and listened to hear what they would say. They were talking together in a low tone.

"I wish we were back in New York again," said the smallest boy in a mournful tone of voice. "It is a dreadful hard life we have here."

"It's worse in New York," said the older boy, "starving all day and no place to sleep at night. We've got a good place to sleep here, at any rate. Then besides, if we should go back to New York, we should get took—"

Here the two boys passed out of hearing.

Fiske and Marisco came out from their hiding-place and began to follow the boys. They crept along cautiously under the fences and walls, keeping as much as possible in shadow, and taking care not to speak a word.

After going on in this way for some distance, the boys turned off, just before they came to the blue postern gate in the Chateau wall, into a path which led through the woods at a short distance from the wall. Fiske and Marisco followed them. The path meandered in a very devious manner, sometimes skirting a thicket, sometimes winding round a precipice, sometimes descending into a ravine. At length it came out to the yellow postern gate of the Chateau, and there, crossing the brook, it went into the road leading to the mill.

Fiske and Marisco still followed on, and at length the two boys turned down toward the brook on the lower side of the mill, and, passing round the corner, disappeared.

"I verily believe they live in that old mill," said Fiske.

"I believe so too," said Marisco.

"They are two rowdy boys from New York, I'll bet you a dollar," said Fiske, in a whisper.

"Yes," said Marisco. "They've come up here to rob orchards and steal.

"Would you go at 'em in the mill?" continued Marisco, doubling up his fists and squaring himself as if for a battle.

Fiske shook his head.

"Ah, no!" said he, "they would get away from us."

"We might get the apples," said Marisco.

"Yes, but what we want is to get the boys," said Fiske. "We will go home and tell Grimkie all about it, and to-morrow he'll contrive some way to seize the fellows, and we'll have them put in jail."

So Fiske and Marisco began to retrace their steps toward home. They found the tree, with the rope in the branch of it, as they had left it. They climbed up the tree, crept over across the wall by means of the branch, let themselves down by the knotted rope to the ground, and then went immediately home. Fiske, who was the largest boy of the two, helped Marisco to climb up into his window, and then he went and climbed into his own, and in half an hour both boys were asleep.

The two boys whom they had thus detected in stealing the apples, and had followed to the mill, were, of course, Jekk and Spinner.

CHAPTER XXII

JEKK AND SPINNER.

JEKK and Spinner were indeed two poor and miserable boys from New York, as their conversation implied. They had been abandoned by their parents, and had for years led a very precarious and wretched life by begging and stealing. When they were small they begged coppers of the passers-by at the corners of the streets, and at the crossings.

When they grew larger they begged for cold meat and vegetables, and for bits of broken bread, at the basements of the houses of rich people. They would eat what they required for themselves of this food, and the rest they would carry to the miserable quarter where they considered that they lived, and with it pay for a place to sleep in the corner of some cellar where poor people lived almost as wretched as they.

Sometimes the people where they begged would not give them any food. They would drive them away from the door, telling them that they were little liars and thieves.

This was true. They *were* little liars and thieves. Want and misery had made them so. They would tell any story—no matter what—to induce people to give them money, and whenever they found anything exposed which they could take with a chance of not being detected, they would take it. Sometimes they had nothing at all to eat, except what they stole from the baskets and barrels which were set out upon the sidewalk at the doors of the groceries.

One day a policeman saw them stealing some sweet potatoes in this way. They were going to sell the potatoes, and with the money buy some cigars and some rum. The policeman ran after them, but they ran faster than he could, and he could not catch them. But he called out to them that he knew them, and that the next time he caught them anywhere about the streets he would send them to the Tombs.

The Tombs is the name of a great gloomy prison in the heart of the city, where thieves, robbers, murderers, and all sorts of criminals are confined.

The boys were terribly frightened at the policeman's threat, and Skinner proposed to Jekk that they should go off into the country, where, perhaps, he said, they could find some work to do.

"We are big enough to work," said he, "if we could only find any work to do. And perhaps we can find some in the country."

So they set out by the Bloomingdale road—going up the river. They tried to get work, but nobody would give them any. Some people scolded them and turned them away. Others, more kind hearted, would give them something to eat, but nobody seemed willing to have them stay at their houses.

So they went on, until at last, as they were wandering along through the town of Greenbank, they came upon the old mill. They went into it to see what was there, and when they found that the building was deserted and empty they took possession of the basement room for their home. They lived there during the day, and at night went out to find something to eat. They got some straw out of a barn, and put it down in a corner of the basement for a bed, and there was an old fireplace, where they made a fire in the night to roast the apples and the potatoes which they stole for food. Once they roasted a chicken there which they stole from a roost.

They never made a fire in the day time, for fear that people might see the smoke coming out of the chimney.

It was by these poor boys that farmer Graf-

ton's apples had been stolen, and it was they that had strewed the cores and pieces of apple along the road, and had thrown some of them over the postern gate, to make it appear that it was the boys of the school who had committed the theft.

Fiske did not get an opportunity to report the discovery that he had made until the hour of recess the next day, which was at twelve o'clock. He and Marisco then called Grimkie aside and told their story. Grimkie listened with great attention, and seemed very much surprised. As soon as the boys had finished their statement he said,

"I'll go directly to the mill, and see if the boys are there."

"We will go with you," said Fiske.

"Very well," said Grimkie, "You may go with me till we get pretty near the mill, and then you shall hide away, and I will go alone to see the boys. They will be frightened and run off if they see too many coming together."

This plan was accordingly agreed upon, and the boys immediately went to the mill. When they arrived pretty near the place, Fiske and Marisco hid among the rocks where Mrs. Morrelle had sat down to read, on the day when Florence and Leona were there, and Grimkie

went forward to see what he could find in the mill.

He first looked in at the windows which were toward the street. There was nothing to be seen but emptiness and desolation. The roof was open in many places, and the floor was covered with rubbish.

Then he went down by the side of the mill, to the grass plot which lay between it and the brook, and so went along the back side of the mill, past the great wheel, till he came to the corner. On turning the corner suddenly he came all at once in sight of Spinner, who was standing a few steps from the basement door. Spinner turned and ran when he saw Grimkie coming, but as soon as he reached the step of the door he stopped and looked toward Grimkie with an air of defiance.

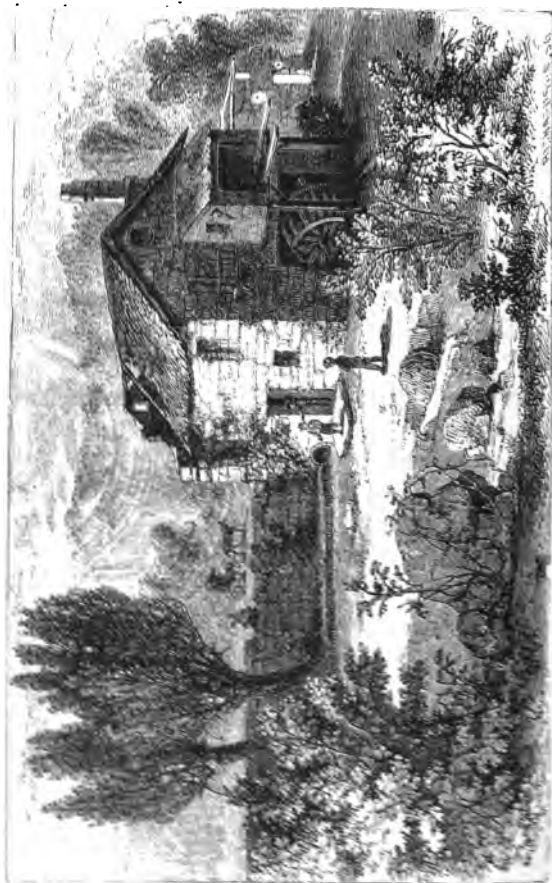
"You've no right to come and hurt me," said he at length, with a frightened look.

"I am not come to hurt you," said Grimkie. "On the contrary I should like to help you, if I could."

"Don't you come any nearer," said the boy.

Just then Jekk appeared at the door. He had heard the voices outside, and he accordingly came and opened the door a little way, in order that he might peep out and see what was going on.

"You need not be afraid of me," said Grim-



GRIMKIE AT THE MILL.

kie. "There are two of you there, and I am only one. So what harm do you think I can do you?"

"I don't know" said the boy. He said this in such a despairing tone, and he looked so famished and miserable, that Grimkie pitied him very much.

"Are you hungry," asked Grimkie.

"Yes," said the boy, "I am almost starved."

"Then," said Grimkie, "I will go and get you something to eat. Will you stay here till I come back?"

"No," said the boy. "You won't bring us any thing to eat."

"I certainly will," said Grimkie. "Look at me and see if I don't look honest."

"Won't you bring any body else with you?" asked Spinner.

"I should like to have one or two boys come with me," said Grimkie, "to help me bring the things, but no *men* shall come, and there will be nobody to hurt you."

"Well," said the boy, "go and bring them."

So Grimkie turned and went away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ILLEGAL IF NOT WRONG.

As soon as Grimkie rejoined the other boys he related to them what had passed between him and the young thieves at the mill, and said that the first thing to be done was to go and get them something to eat.

"Well," said Fiske, "let us go."

So the boys set out to go back to the Chateau. As they walked along Grimkie asked Fiske what possessed him and Marisco to do what they did.

"You broke the laws," said he.

"Well," said Fiske, "we had a right to do it. Any body has a right to catch thieves the best way they can."

"You might, at least, have asked Dr. Rightman to give you leave to go and watch for them," said Grimkie.

"He never would have let us go," said Fiske, "if we had asked him. The only way was to go ourselves, without asking. So I don't think we did any thing wrong."

"I don't say any thing about its being wrong," said Grimkie. "All I say is, it was illegal."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Fiske.

"To say a thing is wrong, means that it is contrary to right," said Grimkie. "To say it is illegal, means that it is contrary to law. Some people say that every thing that is illegal is wrong, that is, that it is never right to do any thing contrary to law. Others say it is sometimes right."

"And what do you say?" asked Fiske.

"I say nothing about it," said Grimkie, "one way or the other. All I say is, that in going out as you did, to watch for the thieves, whether right or wrong, you broke the law, and I advise you to do what Queen Elizabeth's admiral did, when he disobeyed orders."

"What did he do?" asked Fiske.

"He went to sea, you must understand," said Grimkie, "at the head of a fleet of ships with certain orders. After he got to sea, he found that by going contrary to his orders he could gain a great victory."

"And what did he do?" asked Fiske again.

"He disobeyed his orders, gained the victory, and then went home and delivered himself up for punishment."

"And that is what you advise me to do?" said Fiske.

"Yes," replied Grimkie. "I advise you to go and report yourself to Dr. Rightman for punishment."

"Do you suppose if we did that he would punish us?" asked Fiske.

"Yes," said Grimkie. "He would undoubtedly punish you, though not half so severely as if you had not confessed. Perhaps he would shut you up in bounds for a week, or something like that. He ought to punish you, I think. In fact, you will feel better for it, after it is over, for you did really break the rules dreadfully. I advise you, the first thing you do, as soon as you get home, to go both of you to Dr. Rightman and tell him all about it."

"Let's do it," said Marisco.

"Well," said Fiske, "we will. Only first I must go with you, and carry something to those boys for them to eat, and then, after that, as soon as we get home, Marisco and I will go and report to the doctor."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CONFESSION.

FISKE and Marisco kept their word. About two o'clock they knocked at the door of the library, where they knew that Dr. Rightman was to be found at that time. A voice from within said, "Come in," and they went in.

Dr. Rightman was sitting at a table near a great bay window, with a great many books and papers before him. The boys advanced together until they were pretty near the table, and then Fiske said :

"We have come to report ourselves, sir, for breaking the rules."

"Ah?" said Dr. Rightman, appearing somewhat surprised. "And what induced you to come and confess it?"

"Grimkie advised us to come," said Fiske.

"Is it a pretty bad case?" asked Dr. Rightman.

"Why—yes, sir—I suppose it is," said Fiske. "But we are going to tell you all about it, and then you can decide."

"But first," said Dr. Rightman, "I wish to ask you whether you expect to escape being punished by making confession?"

"No, sir," said Fiske, "we expect to be punished."

"Only," added Marisco, "we thought that perhaps the punishment would not be quite so bad if we confessed."

"That is reasonable," said Dr. Rightman. "But now, instead of your telling me what you did, I will tell you. You got up out of your beds about ten o'clock last night, and climbed down from the windows to the ground. You went to the blue postern, and not far from there you climbed over the wall by means of a tree and a knotted rope. Then you went on toward Mr. Grafton's garden, and intended to watch for the thieves. But the thieves came along the road while you were on the way. You hid behind a wall till they passed, and then followed them till you saw them rob the garden again. Then you followed them on their return, and found that they went to the old mill."

The boys were amazed to hear Dr. Rightman relate, in this minute and circumstantial manner, the events which had occurred. At first they did not know what to say. Presently, Fiske rejoined:

"Yes, sir, that is it exactly. But I can't imagine how you knew. Nobody saw us, and we did not tell anybody but Grimkie, and we have been with him every minute from the time we first told him until now."

"You see I know all about it," said Dr. Rightman. "But that makes no difference. You came honestly of your own accord to confess it, and so I shall consider the case, and act upon it, just as if I had known nothing about the affair until you came to tell me."

"You have evinced a great deal of courage, and also a high sentiment of honor, in coming to me to confess your fault. It *was* a fault, for, though your motive and object were good, still it is wrong to violate just and reasonable laws, even for a good object. You have, however, pretty nearly atoned for the fault by your confession. Still, I shall assign you some punishment. If I were going to treat you like children, I should forgive you entirely, but I am going to treat you like men, as you deserve to be treated, and shall accordingly punish you in some way. To-morrow morning I will let you know what the punishment shall be, and I shall place just as much confidence in you hereafter as in any boys in this school."

CHAPTER XXV

PUT ON TRIAL.

WHEN Grimkie and the other boys arrived at the mill with their store of provisions for Jekk and Spinner they were received by their half-famished beneficiaries with every manifestation of exultation and delight. The poor boys were indeed dreadfully hungry. Grimkie opened his basket and drew forth a jug of milk, with a tin dipper to drink it from, plenty of cold meat, some bread and cheese, and other such substantial viands. The boys devoured these provisions in the most voracious manner.

"Now, boys," said Grimkie, while the boys were eating their dinners, "why don't you be honest and get your living in a fair way, instead of stealing and starving?"

"My soul!" said Spinner, "do you think such as we could get a living by being honest? It is much as ever that we can keep any life in us with all the stealing that we can do. If we were to be honest we should die of starvation in a week!"

"Should you be willing to be honest and work, if you could get a fair living by it?" asked Grimkie.

"And plenty to eat?" said Jekk.

"Yes," said Grimkie.

"Then we would be glad to," said Spinner.
"What do you think we want to steal for, except to get something to eat."

"Perhaps we might find some place for them," said Grimkie, turning to Fiske. "Do you know of any place?"

"No," said Fiske, "I do n't know of any place where there is any work for boys."

"Mr. Grafton might let them weed in his garden," said Grimkie, assuming a thoughtful look.

"Let us go and ask him," said Fiske.

"We'll go," said Grimkie. "Let us go right away."

Then, turning again to the boys, he told them that they would go and see if they could not find a place for them.

"Only," said he, "you must promise us upon your honor that, if we do find you a place, you will behave well."

"Yes," said Spinner, "we certainly will."

So Grimkie waited until the boys had eaten up all the provisions, and then, putting the bottles and the mug back into the basket, he went

away with Fiske and Marisco, telling Jekk and Spinner to go and lie down on the straw in the corner of their room, and go to sleep until they came back.

The three boys then proceeded immediately to Mr. Grafton's. Mr. Grafton recognized Grimkie as soon as he came in, and was prepared to give him a very civil reception.

"Mr. Grafton," said Grimkie, "there are two poor boys that want a place where they can work and earn a living, and we thought that perhaps you could give them some work to do in your gardens. We know you keep a great many hands."

"What kind of boys are they?" asked Mr. Grafton.

"Why, to tell the truth," said Grimkie. "I suppose they are pretty bad boys."

"Bad boys, are they?" said Mr. Grafton, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, sir," said Grimkie. "In fact, they are the very boys that stole your apples."

Here Mr. Grafton looked up from his work with a lurking smile upon his countenance, and said :

"I must say this seems to me rather cool—coming to ask me to take into my employ two boys that have been robbing me. However."

said he, "We won't decide too hastily. Tell me all about the case."

Hereupon Grimkie went on and related to Mr. Grafton all that had occurred. He described the appearance and character of the boys as well as he could, and said he had no doubt but that they had been very bad boys—but still, they said they would like to be good boys if they could only have a chance.

Now Mr. Grafton, though somewhat rough and abrupt in his manners, was really a kind-hearted and very excellent man, and he became much interested in the account which Grimkie gave him of Jekk and Spinner. Finally, he said that if Grimkie would bring the boys to him he would talk with them and see what he could do.

So Grimkie went to the mill again and brought the boys. Mr. Grafton finally concluded to take them a while on trial. He said he would not admit them into the house, until they had proved that they were in earnest in wishing to become good boys, but he would give them a place to sleep in a back shed, that was tight and comfortable, and set them at work weeding the garden, and wheeling earth, and helping his men in transplanting trees, and in other such operations, for Mr. Grafton had a large nursery connected with

his garden, where there was a great deal of such work to do.

If, at the end of a week, he found that they behaved well, he would give them some better clothes, he said, and make arrangements for them to board regularly, and sleep, at the houses of some of his men.

The boys seemed very much pleased with the prospect which thus opened before them. They made the best of promises, and when they went to look at the place in the shed chamber where Mr. Grafton said they were to sleep, and saw the good comfortable straw bed which he had put down there for them on the floor, they declared that it was the best place to sleep in that they had ever had in their lives.

Mr. Grafton, however, afterward told Grimkie that he did not expect that the boys would change suddenly, and become good boys all at once, notwithstanding their fine promises.

"I shall have a great deal of trouble with them," said he, "I have no doubt. They will go on lying and stealing, more or less, for some time, until I have had time to wean them from their old habits, and train them to be good boys. But I'll be patient with them and give them a fair trial."

"There will be one good thing about it," con-

tinued Mr. Grafton, with a smile of satisfaction, "and that is, that the worse they behave now when they are beginning, the better I shall be satisfied with my work, if I ever do make good boys of them.

"And one of the first things that I shall do," he added, "if I find they are really improving, and likely to make good boys, will be to give them new names. What sort of names are Jekk and Spinner I should like to know, for honest boys? Such names as those are only fit for the Five Points in New York, where I suppose they came from."

About a fortnight after this Grimkie heard that Mr. Grafton had changed the two boys' names from Jekk and Spinner to Moses and Jeremiah.

And here, as perhaps some of my readers may be curious to know how Dr. Rightman found out so completely all about Fiske and Marisco's doings on the night when they scaled the wall and went out to watch for the thieves, I will say that he, as well as Grimkie, had come to the conclusion that a new attempt would probably be made to rob the garden, and so he had set a watch near the Chateau windows, in order to ascertain whether any of his boys were the guilty

persons. Thus, while Fiske and Marisco were so cunningly carrying out their plans for watching and following Jekk and Spinner, Dr. Rightman's man was watching and following them, and he performed his work so well, that without being perceived at all, he observed everything that the boys did, and reported it all faithfully to Dr. Rightman, very early the next morning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT IS A GLEN?

ONE morning, while Florence and John were at their studies, Mrs. Morelle and Leona, in order to pass the time pleasantly while they were thus employed, went out to sit upon the piazza in front of the house. Mrs. Morelle was sewing. Leona had been for some minutes looking very intently across the river.

"Aunty," said she at length, "I see some trees over beyond the water."

"Yes," said Mrs. Morelle, "There are a great many trees growing there."

"And very high rocks," said Leona.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Morelle. "Those high rocks are called the Palisades."

"I believe I see a house there," said Leona.

"Yes," said Mrs. Morelle. "Very likely."

"But how do people get over there to go into the house?" asked Leona.

"They live over there all the time," said Mrs. Morelle. "There is a great country beyond those high rocks, with towns, and farms, and

fields, and roads ; and a great many people live there all the time."

"And can people get over there from here?" asked Leona.

"Oh yes," replied Mrs. Morelle. "People can go over from here in a boat."

"And can they get up to the top of the rocks?" asked Leona.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Morelle. "There are places where you can climb up."

"Then I wish *you* would go over in a boat, aunty, and let me go with you—and Florence and John too."

"But it is rather a dangerous business going across the river in a boat," said Mrs. Morelle, "on account of the steamboats that are always coming and going."

"However," she continued after a moment's pause, "I'll ask Grimkie what he thinks about it the next time he comes."

Leona was very much pleased with the prospect thus opened before her of going over the river, and she remained by the side of Mrs. Morelle for some time, gazing across the water to the range of cliffs which Mrs. Morelle had told her were called the Palisades. It was only the upper end of the Palisades which was in view from Mrs. Morelle's house, and at that point the range

was somewhat broken into depressions and valleys, and in some of these valleys a few scattered houses were seen.

Leona looked for some time in silence. At length Mrs. Morelle asked her what she saw.

"I see a lion," said she.

"A lion !" repeated Mrs. Morelle.

"At least it looks like a lion," said Leona.

"It must be a part of the mountain," said Mrs. Morelle. "But if you wish to see what there is there plainer, I will lend you my opera-glass."

Leona said that she should like the opera-glass very much, so Mrs. Morelle directed her to go into her little room, and open the middle drawer of the large bureau, and there, in the left hand corner, she would find something in a green morocco case.

"Take it up carefully," said Mrs. Morelle, "and bring it to me."

Leona did as she was directed, and brought the case. Mrs. Morelle opened it and took out the opera-glass.

An opera-glass consists of two short telescopes or spy-glasses, one for each eye, fastened together at the right distance to be used conveniently. In using the instrument you look with both eyes—each eye seeing through its own little telescope.

There is a screw between the two telescopes

which must be turned a little, one way or the other, to adjust the glass. Different eyes require a little different adjustment, and so do different distances in the object which you are looking at. To see a house across the river the screw must be turned a little more, one way or the other, than to see a bird on a tree across the yard.

Mrs. Morelle took the glass, and looking across the river with it she adjusted it to that distance, and then gave it to Leona to look through. At first Leona could not see through it very well, but she soon learned to manage her eyes, and then she found that the bank of the river was brought wonderfully near by it, so that she could distinguish all the objects that were in the field of view in a very clear and perfect manner.

"Oh, aunty!" exclaimed Leona, as soon as she obtained the view, "how near it brings the mountains to me!"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Morelle, "every thing looks very near."

"What makes it do so?" asked Leona.

"Do you see those large glasses at the outer end of the two little telescopes?" asked Mrs. Morelle.

Leona took the opera-glass from her eyes and looked at the outer ends, where she saw the two large glasses.

"These glasses are called the object glasses," said Mrs. Morelle. "Now look at the ends that come next to your eyes, and you will see two other glasses."

"Yes, I see them," said Leona.

"Those are called the eye glasses," said Mrs. Morelle. "They are called so because they come next to the eye. Now, the reason why the opera-glasses make you see plainer is, that the large object glasses collect the light that comes from what you see, and the eye glasses pass it into your eyes in the right way for you to see plainly. Thus you get a great deal more light by looking through such great glasses, and that is the reason, or that is one reason, why you see so much better."

"Ah, yes, aunty," said Leona, "I understand it now."

The explanation which Mrs. Morelle had given was very far, it must be confessed, from being a full and complete account of the construction and use of the opera-glass as an optical instrument; but children of Leona's age, when they ask questions, do not expect full and complete explanations. They are satisfied with a very general idea. Indeed, a very general idea is all that they are capable of receiving in regard to most of the subjects in respect to which their curiosity is aroused.

"Now look at the mountain on the other side of the river," said Mrs. Morelle, "and tell me what you see. It will amuse me while I am sewing."

The idea of amusing her aunt while she was sewing pleased Leona very much, and she immediately put the glass to her eyes.

After looking a moment very intently, she said,

"I do n't see any thing but little waves."

"Then you must be looking at the water," said Mrs. Morelle. "Lift the glass up a little—very slowly—and you will come to the land."

In a moment more Leona uttered an exclamation indicative of great delight.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Morelle.

"I see a vessel sailing along upon the water," said Leona, "and a little boy climbing up a rope ladder. What a little boy it is! I never *saw* such a little boy!

"There is a dog down below looking up to him. Now the dog has run away. The vessel is turning round. Now I can't see the boy any more."

Just at this moment Florence and John, having finished their studies, came out to the piazza. John, when he found that Leona was looking through the opera-glass at boats and vessels on

the river, was very eager to take the glass, in order that he might look himself, but Leona said that he must wait until she had looked at the mountains on the other side.

"It is to amuse your mother," said Leona, speaking in a very earnest tone. "It is not for myself that I am going to look, but to amuse your mother. So you must not interrupt me."

Leona accordingly raised the glass until the opposite bank of the river came into the field of view.

"Ah ! now I see it," said she. "I can see an opening into the mountains, and I believe there is a road. Yes, there is a road, and I see a cart and oxen going up. The man is walking along by the side of the oxen. He has got a little dog.

"There's a house part way up the open place," continued Leona.

"You might call it a valley," said John. "An opening between two mountains is called a valley."

"Yes," said Florence, "or a glen. I think a glen is a prettier name."

"I don't think it is so pretty," said John. "Valley is a much prettier name than glen."

After some little dispute upon this point, both appealed to their mother to know which was the prettiest name—valley or glen.

"They are both very pretty names," said Mrs Morelle, "but sometimes one is more appropriate, and sometimes the other. Glen, I believe, is a Scotch word. It means a narrow quiet valley with a small stream of water running through it. When the openings between mountains are broader and larger, they are more commonly called valleys.

"I suppose that glen must be a Scotch word," continued Mrs. Morelle, "for the valleys in Scotland are always called glens, while in most other countries—as in Switzerland, for example—the term valleys is used. I have been in the glens of Scotland, and very curious places they are, too."

"What is there so curious in them?" asked Florence.

"In the first place," said Mrs. Morelle, "there are no trees growing in them—nothing but grass and heather. The heather is a low bush which bears a very pretty flower, and makes the whole side of the glen where it grows of a beautiful golden brown, while the grass is of a very brilliant green.

"Wherever you stand in any part of the glen there is nothing to intercept the view. The slopes of the hills and mountains on each side of the glen are rounded and smooth, and look as if

they were covered with the finest velvet, so soft and smooth does the grass and heather look. It is the distance which makes it look so soft and smooth. Then you see a great many sheep scattered here and there over the hillside, looking like little white dots, and herds of cattle, which look like black dots, upon the green and brown. There are smooth and beautiful roads leading along through the glens, and long and narrow lakes here and there, with pretty little steamboats upon them, and delightful inns in romantic places ; and great numbers of visitors in the summer season, traveling through the glens to see the scenery, and stopping at night at these pretty inns."

"I should like to go there," said Florence.

"I have been there once, and I should like to go again very much," said Mrs. Morelle.

"Why can't you go, mother, and take us ?" said John.

"And me too," said Leona.

"We *may* go some day," said Mrs. Morelle, "but I do not know when."

The time for Mrs. Morelle to visit the glens of Scotland was nearer than she imagined, as will appear in the sequel.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LEONA'S RETURN.

LEONA remained at Greenbank for almost two weeks. At length it was arranged that she should return on the Saturday of the second week of her visit. Mrs. Morelle, and also Florence and John, were to go to New York with her, in order to see her safe home, and Grimkie was to go too, to take charge of the whole party. In fact, the reason why Saturday was appointed as the day of Leona's return was that Grimkie might go too—Saturday being a holiday at the Chateau.

The children wanted very much to go by the turnpike road, in a carriage; because it would take so much longer to go that way. But they found, on making a calculation, that there was not time by that mode of traveling to go and return on the same day, and Grimkie could only be absent from school one day. So they thought they would take the steamboat, that being the next longest way of going. They were to go down in the steamboat, and then Mrs. Morelle, together

with Grimkie, Florence, and John, were to come back in the evening, in the cars.

On further reflection, however, they concluded that it would be best to go down in the cars, and come back by the steamer. Grimkie thought it would be pleasanter on the water in the latter part of the day than it would be in the morning. In this opinion Mrs. Morelle very fully concurred.

"But, then," said John, "Leona will lose her sail altogether, for she is not coming back with us."

"Never mind," said Leona. "I don't care about any sail."

The truth is Leona thought that by going in the cars she should get home sooner, and now that she was actually going home she was beginning to be impatient to have the time arrive when she could once more see her mother.

Accordingly, soon after breakfast on Saturday morning, the whole party went down to the station, and took their places in one of the cars of the train. They turned one of the seats, so as to have four seats facing each other. Mrs. Morelle and Grimkie occupied the back seat, and Leona Florence, and John, the front one.

Forming thus, as they did, one group, they could converse together a little from time to time, when the echoes and reverberations from the rocks by the side of the road were not *too* great.

At one time, while they were thus talking together, Grimkie related to the other children the story of the stolen apples, and described the manner in which the boys who had stolen them had been detected, and afterward discovered at their hiding place in the old mill. All the children took a great interest in this narration, and they expressed the hope that the boys would behave well, and become good honest boys, now that they had at last got a chance.

Leona listened to all the conversation with great attention and interest, and at last, when the others had finished speaking, she said with an air of triumph,

“ Did not I tell you I saw some robbers there, when we went to the old mill ! You would not believe me, but I *knew* there were robbers there, all the time.”

On arriving in New York Grimkie engaged a carriage for the party, at the station, and they all went together to the house where Leona lived. Here they partook of an excellent luncheon, in a small back parlor, with some extremely nice and refreshing lemonade for drink.

After the luncheon, Mrs. Morelle said that she had an errand down in town, and that the children might go with her or not as they pleased.

They all, of course, concluded to go, and so Grimkie went out and engaged another carriage. The carriage which he now brought was much handsomer than the one which he had procured at the station.

Grimkie said that he had some purchases to make in Broadway, and, accordingly, as soon as the carriage reached Broadway, he got out, and the carriage went on with the rest of the party.

After proceeding for about two miles down town, it turned toward the water, and after a while stopped in a street where there was a range of magnificent warehouses on one side, and docks and piers and shipping on the other. Mrs. Morelle got out of the carriage in order to go in and do her errand, but the children preferred to remain while she was gone, and amuse themselves by looking at the ships.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SOME FAINT IDEA OF THE TELEGRAPH.

It was about two o'clock when Mrs. Morelle and her party went on board the steamer to return to Greenbank. As soon as they got on board they took their places on the deck of the steamer, at a sheltered place aft of the saloon, where they could see all the trucks and carriages coming and going on the pier, and the people arriving, and coming over the plank to get on board. In a short time the plank was put on shore, the lines were cast off, the paddle-wheels began to revolve, and the boat moved slowly away from the pier.

"We're off, mother!" said John. "We're off!"

The steamer was soon fully under way, and she began at once to glide swiftly along the range of slips and piers which forms the border of the river opposite to the city. During this time John and Florence were running about this way and that, looking eagerly at the different objects which attracted their attention on the

shore—the huge piles of lumber, the long and gayly-painted steamboats, the vessels on the stocks, and other such things.

At length, when the boat had passed beyond the limits of the city, and the green slopes and rocky promontories of Bloomingdale began to come into view, Florence and John came and sat down by their mother. They turned their seats so as to sit with their faces toward the shore, in order that they might “see what was to be seen” while they were talking. Grimkie was down below all this time, watching the movements of the engine.

“I see a railroad track along the shore,” said Florence, “and a train going by.”

“So do I,” said John, “and I see the telegraph.”

“I can see the posts,” said Florence, “but I can not see the wires.”

“Neither can I see the wires,” said John. “Nobody could see such little wires as far as this. How they can send letters by them I can not imagine. I never could get the least idea how words and sentences can go along such a slender little wire.”

“I think I can give you a *little idea* of it,” said Mrs. Morelle. “To understand it fully would require a great deal of study, but a

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general idea of it is not very difficult to get."

"Why mother," said John, "it seems to me that it must be impossible to get any idea how words and sentences can go along on a wire."

"The words and sentences do *not* go along on the wire," said his mother.

"Oh yes, mother," said Florence, "for the other day Aunt Jane had quite a long letter from Mr. Dressler in New York. At least, it was a letter of two or three lines. I saw it myself, and it came by the telegraph."

"That *letter* did not come by the telegraph," said Mrs. Morelle. "It was written in the telegraph office, down in the village. The clerks who wrote it wrote from *something* which came by the wire, but it was not words and sentences that came."

"It must have been letters," said Florence.

"No," said Mrs. Morelle. "It was not letters. That is, the letters did not come along the wires."

"Then I don't see how the *meaning* could come, unless it came in words and sentences."

"I will show you a way by which meaning can be conveyed through a *thread*," said Mrs. Morelle, "without any thing whatever actually passing along upon it."

"And will that be the way by which letters are sent by telegraph?" asked Florence.

"Yes," said Mrs. Morelle, "At least it will be very much like the way. But remember, all that I undertake to give you, is a *general idea* of the manner in which the telegraph operates, and not at all to explain to you the mechanism by which the idea is carried out."

"Well, mother," said Florence, "tell us."

"Suppose then," said Mrs. Morelle, "that you were in your chamber, and that you had hold of one end of a long thread which extended out of the window, and along through the air to the top of the bank, and so down the bank to the seat under the trees, and that Johnnie was sitting on the seat, and had the other end of the thread in his hand.

Now let us suppose," continued Mrs. Morelle, "that you have agreed beforehand that one little twitch of the thread shall mean yes, and two twitches no. Don't you see that in that case, by giving one twitch or two twitches, you could convey a meaning to John by means of the thread, while yet there would not be any thing that actually passed along upon it?"

"Yes," said John, "I see it would be very easy to send yes or no by the thread, if one twitch means yes, and two mean no, but they can send

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a great deal more than yes or no by telegraph wires. They can send long letters and a great deal of news, and sometimes long speeches."

"True," replied his mother, "But it is all done in substantially the same way. I will show you how John could send his own name by the thread coming in to you through the window.

"Suppose you agree that one twitch of the line shall mean the letter a, and two twitches b, and three twitches c, and that a slow pull and then a twitch should mean d, and two pulls and a twitch should mean e, and so on through the alphabet."

"I never could remember them all," said John.

"It would require a great deal of study, and a great deal of care, I admit, to learn them all," said Mrs. Morelle, "and to avoid making mistakes in applying them, but it might be done. Then when it was done, you might spell out any word you please to Florence, or she might spell any to you, just by the twitches and pulls."

"Is that the way they do it?" asked Florence.

"Substantially that," said Mrs. Morelle.

"I mean to watch the wires sometime," said John, "and see if I can see it twitching and pulling."

"Ah, but the wire does not twitch and pull itself," said Mrs. Morelle. "It is only what is

at the end of it that moves. You know that a wire will carry an electric shock a long way. You have seen it by an electrical machine. When the jar is charged, if you have a wire with one end near the jar, and the other end carried off to a great distance, and any body takes hold of the further end of the wire, and then if the near end is touched to the jar, the person at the further end will get a shock. The shock passes in some way along the wire, without moving the wire itself at all."

"Yes, mother," said John, "we know all that."

"Now if the wire," continued Mrs. Morelle, "instead of being near an electrical machine, is near what they call a galvanic battery, and the further end is wound round a small bar of iron, then, when the wire is touched to the battery, instead of giving the little bar a shock, it makes it a magnet."

"That's curious," said John.

"Yes," said his mother, "it is very curious indeed. A wire, no matter how long, that touches a galvanic battery at one end, and is wound round a small bar of iron at the other end, makes the bar a magnet while the wire is touching, and then it ceases to be a magnet the moment the wire is taken away from the battery. That is a very curious fact.

"Now suppose," continued Mrs. Morelle, "that under the bar of iron which is wound round with the further end of the wire there was placed a little sort of latch, that could be drawn up when the bar over it was a magnet, and let fall down again when the bar was a magnet no longer. Do you not see that this latch could receive twitches and pulls by means of the wire?"

"Not exactly," said Florence.

"Suppose that the galvanic battery is in your chamber," said Mrs. Morelle, "and the bar with one end of the wire wound round it, and the little latch, placed so that the bar, upon its becoming magnetical, could attract it, are on the seat down the bank; then, if you wished to make a twitch, you would just touch your end of the wire to the battery, and immediately take it off again. The electricity would dart along the wire, and make the bar a magnet, and the latch would be lifted up by it, and then immediately let fall. That would be a twitch."

"Yes," said Florence, "I understand that."

"On the other hand," continued Mrs. Morelle, "if you wished to make a pull, all you would have to do would be to touch your wire to the galvanic battery, and hold it there a moment. Then the latch would be pulled up to the bar,

and kept there just as long as the wire was kept in contact, for the bar remains a magnet as long as the electric current continues to come along the wire, and, of course, as long as it continues a magnet it holds the latch up. Thus, by touching the wire to the battery only for an instant, or keeping it on a little longer, you would give the latch at the end of the wire what you might call a twitch or a pull."

The children both said that they understood all this very well, but they did not see how anybody could ever learn to understand what letters all those twitches and pulls could mean.

"I suppose it would be very difficult," said Mrs. Morelle, "to read the words from the latch rising and falling in that way, though they say that experienced operators can do it. But there might be a pencil fastened to the latch, with the point of the pencil turned toward a sheet of paper in such a manner that when the latch was pulled up, the point of the pencil would be pressed against the paper. Then, if the paper was kept moving along all the time, slowly, by some kind of clock work, the pencil would make a dot upon it for every twitch, and a little line for every pull. Then the operators could spell out the letters from the paper at their leisure. There is a great deal of machinery of this kind in a real

telegraph office, which it is very difficult to understand. I did not undertake to explain all that to you. I do not understand it myself. I was only going to give you a *general idea* of how words and sentences could be denoted at one end of the wire, by means of something done at the other end of it, without any thing like written characters really passing along it. It is done by making different sets of twitches and pulls, each of which stands for a letter at the further end of the wire, by means of a magnet to pull up and let down a little latch—the magnet being made a magnet, and then unmade again, by the electricity darting across the line.”

“Mother,” said John, “I should like very much to go into a telegraph office some time, and see the machinery.”

“I do not think you would understand it at all, if you were to go,” said Mrs. Morelle.

“Do you think I could see the bar of iron with the wire wound round it?” asked John.

“Perhaps you could,” said Mrs. Morelle.

Just at this moment Grimkie appeared, and called Florence and John to go with him to see something which he wished to show them, and this put an end to the conversation in respect to the telegraph.

CHAPTER XXX.

SUMMARY JUSTICE.

ONE morning after Jekk and Spinner,—Moses and Jeremiah, as they were now called,—had been some time in Mr. Grafton's employ, Mr. Grafton, walking through his nursery grounds, came to a place where one of his men was looking at a tree which he had undertaken to straighten. There was a great crook in the stem of the tree, and the man had driven stakes on each side of it, and had tied the tree to the stakes, straining the wood so as to bring the stem straight. It had remained in this position a week, and now the man had just untied the strings in order to see if his object had been accomplished.

"How does it do, Patrick?" asked Mr. Grafton.

"Not at all," said Patrick. "The tree crooks back just as it was before."

"Is it *as bad* as it was before?" asked Mr. Grafton.

"No sir," said Patrick. "It is not as bad as

it was before. But it is not straight, and I do not think it is of any use to try and make it so."

"You must not be discouraged so soon," said Mr. Grafton. "Put on the strings and strain it up again, and give it more time. You can not expect a tree that has been growing crooked for years to be made straight all at once, by one single attempt."

So Mr. Grafton passed on.

That afternoon, about an hour before sunset, Mr. Grafton went to a certain part of his nursery where he had set the two boys at work at the beginning of the afternoon. Their work was to dig over a piece of ground into which some young trees were to be transplanted. Mr. Grafton had given them spades and shown them how to do the work, and then he had left them, saying that he would come again to the place a little before night.

Now it happened that the boys had some money that day. They had three cents apiece, which the wife of one of the workmen had given them for bringing water for her. They were much pleased with the possession of this money, and they had a strong desire to play at pitch-coppers with it, as they had been accustomed to do in New York when they contrived in any way to get possession of some money.

Accordingly, as soon as Mr. Grafton had set them to work and gone away, they began to talk about playing at pitch-coppers with their money, and they concluded that they could play a little while, and still have time enough for digging the ground. So they left their work and went into a neighboring alley, where the ground was hard and smooth, and began to play.

As usual in such cases, they went on playing longer and longer, until at last, on looking up at the sun, they concluded that the afternoon was so far spent that it would be impossible for them to do their work. So they brought a rake which had been left standing under a tree near by, and with it they scratched up the surface of the piece of ground in such a manner as to roughen and freshen it, with a view of making it appear as if it had been dug. They had just finished the operation when they saw Mr. Grafton coming.

Now it so happened that one of Mr. Grafton's workmen, who had been engaged in the loft of a barn near by, saw all this, and when Mr. Grafton was going toward the place at sunset he met him and told him how the boys had been spending their time. Thus Mr. Grafton knew all about the affair when he came to the spot.

"Well, boys," said he, "have you done your work?"

"Yes, sir," said Moses. "See, sir."

So saying, Moses pointed to the surface of the ground where the earth looked loosened and fresh as if it had been dug over.

Mr. Grafton took one of the spades, and walking over the spot he struck the edge of the spade into the ground here and there, and perceived that it was as hard as ever.

Indeed any one might have known from the appearance of the ground that it had not been properly dug, for although it had been loosened a little at the top, the surface remained in a flat and depressed state, as is usual with ground that has lain for some time undisturbed.

As soon as Mr. Grafton had satisfied himself by actual examination that the ground had not been dug, he turned to the boys with a stern and angry look, and demanded what they had been doing all the afternoon.

The boys hung their heads and looked completely confounded.

"Have you been pitching coppers?" asked Mr. Grafton.

"No, sir," said Moses faintly, and without raising his head.

"What say you, Jeremiah?" continued Mr. Grafton. "Have you been pitching coppers?"

Jeremiah, or Spinner, as perhaps he ought now

again to be called, hesitated an instant, and then said, "No, sir."

Mr. Grafton stood still a moment, looking very much displeased, and then suddenly striking the spade into the ground, and leaving it there standing upright, he said to the boys,

"Come with me."

So Mr. Grafton led the way, while the boys followed him in silence, along a number of walks, and through open spaces between rows of young trees, until he finally came to a gate in the wall of his grounds, at a considerable distance from the house. He took a key from his pocket and opened the gate.

"There, boys," said he, "walk out through that gate, and never let me see you again. I took you in when you were poor and miserable, and I believe I saved you from actual starvation. I have given you a fair chance, but if it is your settled determination to choose lying and cheating, with starvation, instead of honesty and a good living, all I can say, is, you can have your choice. You are welcome to the clothes I gave you, but never let me see your faces again!"

The boys, utterly overwhelmed and confounded, passed out. Mr. Grafton immediately shut and locked the gate, and then walked back rapidly toward the house.

CHAPTER XXXI.

RECONSIDERATION.

MR. GRAFTON walked on with a very resolute and determined air, manifestly in a state of great excitement. On his way toward the house he passed by the place where his workman had been attempting to straighten the tree. He stopped a moment to look at it. The workman had brought the stem of the tree again into an erect position, and had secured it by cords attached to stakes which he had set in the ground on either side of it.

"Yes," said Mr. Grafton to himself, "that will do. But it will take two or three months at least to cure a crook like that in such a tree."

So saying, he walked away, and as he went a glimmering idea came for a moment into his mind that if three months are required to cure a crook in the stem of a young tree, which had been at most not more than three years in growing, he might perhaps have been hasty in expecting that perversities of character in boys,

which had been ten or twelve years in forming, could be removed in three weeks.

However, he was still so angry with the boys that he dismissed the idea from his mind, and went resolutely home.

Now Mr. Grafton was a Christian man, and he was accustomed to have prayers in his family every morning and evening. It was the duty of his little son Benjamin to ring the bell at the back door every evening when his mother told him it was time for prayers. Accordingly, soon after Mr. Grafton came back to the house, after turning away the boys, and while he was at work putting in the tools and locking up the conservatory, he heard the sound of Benny's bell. So he went in to attend prayers.

The passage that Mr. Grafton was to read on this particular evening was the parable in which the servant, who had been forgiven by his master for a great deal that he owed him, had been hard-hearted enough to refuse to forgive his fellow-servant for a very little.* When he came to the verse—

“Shouldst thou not have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I also had pity on thee?”

He made a pause so long after he read it tha

* Matthew xviii, 23-35.

Benny thought there was some difficulty, and he looked up into his father's face to know what had made him stop.

Mr. Grafton, however, immediately began to read again, and he went on without stopping till he came to the end of the chapter.

Benny thought that the prayer was rather shorter than usual that night, and immediately after the prayer Mr. Grafton took his hat and went out. He proceeded through the nursery grounds, although it was growing dark, and he was obliged to walk carefully in order not to stumble by the way. At length he reached the gate. He unlocked it, opened it, and looked out.

There was very little to be seen. The gate opened upon a back road in a wild and lonely place. There were forms of trees and bushes dimly delineated in the air, though it was now too dark to see any thing distinctly.

After looking out a moment and seeing nothing, Mr. Grafton called out,

"Boys!"

He heard something which sounded like a movement in the bushes, and he immediately called out again,

"Boys!"

A moment afterwards two dark forms came

into view near the edge of the bushes, and a voice, which Mr. Grafton at once recognized as that of Jeremiah, answered :

"Yes, sir ! What, sir !"

"Are you here ?" asked Mr. Grafton.

"Yes, sir," said the boys, coming forward at the same time a few steps.

"And what are you waiting here for ?" asked Mr. Grafton.

"Because we did not know where to go," said Jeremiah, speaking in rather a mournful tone.

"Come in, then, here to me," said Mr. Grafton.

"Boys," said Mr. Grafton as soon as they had come in, and he had shut and locked the gate, "I have altered my mind about sending you away for this. I am going to try you longer. It was a shameful thing for you to undertake to cheat me about the digging, and then wind up with telling me a lie. But I am going to try you again. I have thought that perhaps, if I have patience with you, and give you time, you *may* turn out honest boys, after all."

"Mr. Grafton," said Jeremiah, "we never will do such a thing as that to you again if we live a thousand years."

"We shall see," said Mr. Grafton. "So now go home and go to bed. I'll tell you to-morrow what you are to do."

The boys thanked Mr. Grafton with great apparent earnestness, and went away. Their hearts were full of joy at the narrow escape they had had.

Mr. Grafton, too, as he walked slowly toward home, felt not a little relieved in mind.

"The fact is," said he to himself as he walked along, "it was about half my fault in setting two such boys to work by themselves, and with nobody to see to them. It was taking the strings off the crooked stem too soon. I might have expected that the crookedness would come back again. I'll keep the strings on after this more carefully, till there has been time for the crookedness to *grow* into straightness. Then I can take them off, and perhaps I shall find that all is right."

Mr. Grafton pursued this policy with the boys. He kept them at work with good and kind men, who took an interest in watching over them. They committed many faults, but their faults gradually diminished, both in magnitude and frequency, and in process of time they became very good boys.

The name of the next volume of this series will be the ORKNEY ISLANDS.

